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The Digest

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REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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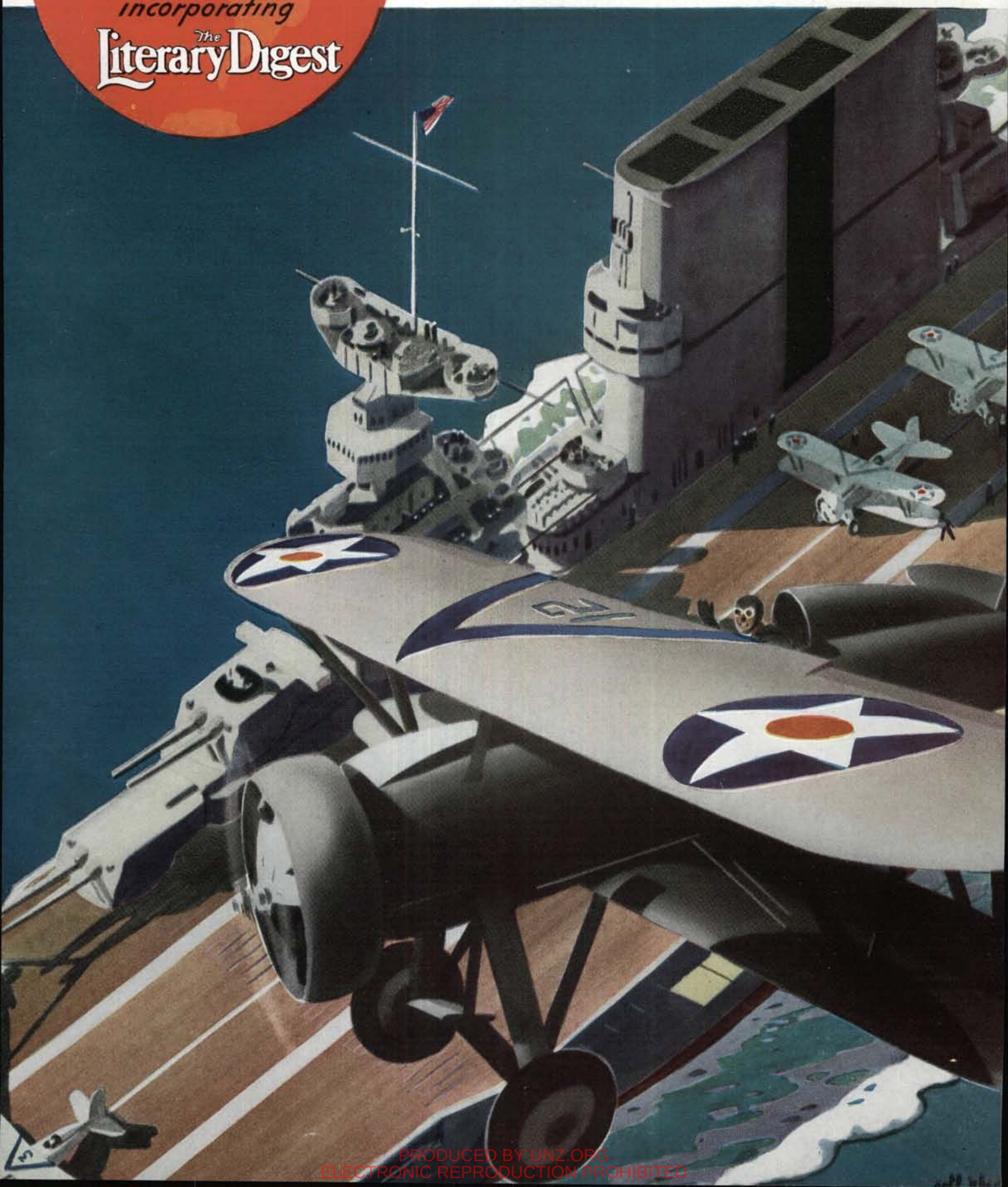
SEPT. 18, 1937

incorporating
The Literary Digest



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Now MILLIONS of People Are Wealthy

THERE were only seven automobiles in John Brown's home town 30 years ago, when John was born. A few rich men owned them, and the cars—such as they were—cost well over $2000.

Today, for much less than $1000, John has a car that is far better than anyone owned even a decade ago. In fact, for what a leading car cost in 1907, John can now have, besides a better car, other things—automatic house heating, a radio, golf clubs. Mrs. Brown can have an electric refrigerator, a fur coat, and a lot of new dresses.

Today in America three out of four families have cars better than the best a few years ago. Their homes are more cheerful with improved electric light, which also costs less. Their house furnishings are more attractive and comfortable, yet less expensive.

They have many servants at little cost, for electricity does the tedious tasks about the house.

This *real* wealth has come to millions of people because industry has learned to build products that are worth more but cost less. Engineers and scientists have found ways to give the public more for its money—more goods for more people at less cost.

In this progress G-E research and engineering have ever been in the forefront. And still, in the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, General Electric scientists continue the search for new knowledge—from which come savings, new industries, increased employment, benefits which bring to millions of John Browns real wealth unknown a generation ago.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

SEPTEMBER 18, 1937

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Vol. 1 No. 10

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News Editor: John T. Hackett. *Literary Editor:* John Bakeless. *Foreign Editor:* Roger Shaw. *National Editor:* Thomas K. Krug. *Feature Editor:* Agnes R. Allen. *Music Editor:* Sigmund Spaeth. *Movie Editor:* Donita Ferguson.

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Art Director: Morrill Cody

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Japanophobia

Hamilton, New Zealand—To my mind too much is made of Mussolini's fascism and Hitler's naziism, and too little of Japan's ambitions. Of course, it may be unfair to attribute anything but patriotic honesty to the dapper little diplomats and militarists of Nippon, but when there is a possibility of the expansion of the Japanese Empire taking place at the expense of the happiness and sovereignty of other people, then complaint and resistance are essential.

In the course of a public address on March 16, 1928, General Ariki said: "India, with its population of 300,000,000, lives in dire misery under Britain's oppressive rule. The countries of the East are the object of pressure on the part of the white races. But awakened Japan can no longer tolerate further tyranny and oppression at their hands." And the Osaka *Mainichi*: "Japan should subjugate the world at the point of the bayonet."

I have no authority to condemn the Japanese for what they do or say in Japan, but I have interpreted the boastings of the press and notables as threats to our safety, and endeavored to demonstrate the danger which exists—the danger in the hallucination of 90,000,000 souls who may, as the result of some incident, run riot and upset the safety of the world.

There is no doubt about the Yellow Peril. It exists. We cannot ignore the possibility of our being directly or indirectly involved in some major world conflict, for, with international communications and shipping so highly developed, we are bound to experience some reaction.—*Arthur Irvine*

Naziphilia

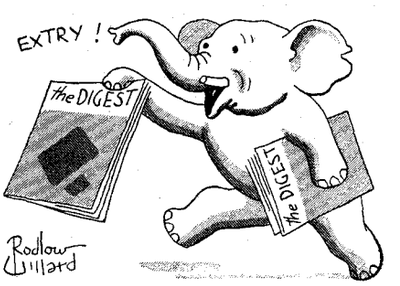
North Bergen, N. J.—In your August 14 number, you refer to the "nazis" and to their Camp Nordland. A picture, showing the Swastika waving aloft and the Stars and Stripes below "trailing in the dust," is printed as evidence of their disrespect for the American flag.

This picture is part of the unscrupulous campaign of slander directed against a group of American people who have vowed to rid this country of the alien, subversive influence over governmental measures and public opinion that is disrupting the unity and the morals of the American people. We know this evil thing from first-hand knowledge of it in Europe; we have pledged that this corruption shall never bring down our Stars and Stripes and fix in place of them the Hammer and Sickle. As a sign of a world fight against this pest, we honor the Swastika, never forgetting to honor more our own Stars and Stripes.

If an honest picture had been taken of the building in question, it would show on the opposite side the American flag in larger size than the Swastika.—*J. C. Fitting*

High tolerance

Los Angeles, Calif.—A few virile letters like the one in your issue of August 14 from E. I. Jackson of San Angelo, Texas, may cause the Republican press of the



country—including THE DIGEST—to recognize the fact that there are still some defenders of truth and fairness who are also broad enough to read Republican literature.—*John P. Newell*

A mother speaks

Enid, Okla.—I am a mother. I know mothers of all classes. If there is one factor which would increase the happiness of the average home it would be a thorough knowledge of birth control for every married couple.

I have as yet to find more than one or two couples who married with the idea that they would never have children. And where such young couples were either lucky enough or intelligent enough to "happen on to" an effective method of birth control, they were able to enjoy several years of happiness and freedom until they had become adjusted to married life and were financially able to support an increasing family. Many of my acquaintances, after two years of married life, are hungry for parenthood.

Many times I have envied the young couple who marry and are able to have an extended honeymoon of several years before the joy of having a baby. What a blessed inheritance for any child!—to be born because he was wanted and not because he was an accident.

Only a mother knows what this problem means—it can and should be a glorious experience. Too often it is an experience or series of experiences mingled with dread, fear, worry, physical weakness, rebellion, and despair; and through it all the woman is a prisoner.

Such people as Lincoln became great in spite of their poverty and not because of it. They had it in them to overcome. Over against this picture I see another one—hundreds and thousands of homes degraded, dirty, miserable—where the multitude of children will never rise above that level.

Some say fashionable homes average about two children and that the population must be maintained. People of intelligence and means are the ones who find a way of birth control. The poorer and uneducated groups—in the large—are the ones who need it and can't or don't find it. After all, we do want quality as well as quantity.—*Mrs. Violet Fairweather*

Apologia pro vitio suo

Halifax, Nova Scotia—In the July 24 issue of THE DIGEST, there appears under "Science and Medicine" the following paragraph:

"But leprosy is now on the increase in South Africa, is prevalent in tropical Africa generally, in Asia, the East Indies, the Philippines, Hawaii, Finland, Nova Scotia, and in sections of many other countries. There are 500,000 cases in Indo-China, estimates Dr. Heiser."

Commenting on the above, I would like to draw your attention to the fact that there is not one known case of leprosy in the province of Nova Scotia; nor has there been for many years. —*P. S. Campbell, M.D.*

Nine old men

Hammond, Ind.—You cite the analysis of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce of 200 National Labor Relations Board decisions, and that bunch of dressed up racketeers' criticism that the Act is not properly construed and interpreted so that the gang will be able to evade it.

That was not fair. The Nine Old Men have been interpreting and construing the Constitution for over one hundred years but no one knows nor do the Nine Old Men know what it means.

I venture to say that the various sections and clauses of the Constitution have been considered in more than 1000 cases, yet no one knows what it means.—*Mrs. M. E. Moran*

Social Reform

Caspar, Calif.—If you think that you can poison the minds of all the readers against the very much needed social reforms of our day, I pity you. We are not all of the indifferent conservative element.

It is a safe bet that no conservative or any of the nine old gents of the Supreme Court has any children in the beet fields with their hands raw and bleeding from long hours of toil, or in the cotton fields from sun-up till dusk, for a few cents, when they should be at play.

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You know all this to be true, yet you are against the mild reform as proposed by our beloved President to curb the long-standing tyrannical behaviour of that Supreme Court. We have the big fellows dodging taxes, swivel chair artists that know how to groce the grocers, farm the farmers, work the workers, and enslave children.

The mills of the gods grind very slow and exceedingly small; but there is a change coming, with a nice working man's firing squad to attend to the loafing, two-legged, fat louse, that sucks the life's blood of little children, and in the land of plenty, destroys foodstuffs to maintain high prices.—*Harry Rutland*

Pro

Cleveland, O.—I can think of nothing more unprejudiced than your "Pro and Con" discussion of current social and economic problems. Plainly, it discourages any dogmatic views of "viewers" who feel that their points have not had proper emphasis.

Since we cannot all agree, I think that the next most graceful thing to do would be to disagree pleasantly. A news magazine like yours, which is not afraid to express a reasonable opinion, is a great deal more inspiring than one which hangs undecidedly on the fence. After all, why do we Americans buy our newspapers and magazines daily and weekly, unless it is for them to guide our thinking and form for us these opinions which we uphold so firmly.—*Renee Travis*

Con

Chicago, Ill.—Talleyrand said that speech was given to man to conceal thought. The Pro and Con arguments you publish are built on the same principle. Each one conceals an ulterior motive, and it is not the welfare of the human race.—*Casper L. Redfield*

Flippancy, out!

Washington, D. C.—As a student especially interested in international affairs, I was extremely disappointed in the racy sport-style which had recently been adopted by the *Literary Digest*. I hailed with new hope the merging with the *Review of Reviews*, hoping that something better would come out of it—and it has.

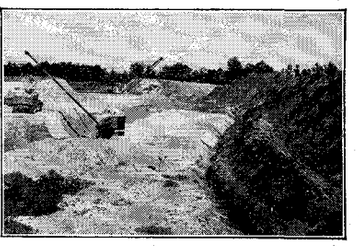
I think "our" magazine is most valuable when it combines with the general digested and diversified opinions a good-sized quantity of research and background material, such as is absolutely necessary if we are to form an intelligent view of public questions.

But please keep that skimming sport-style writing out of political science! The American public takes its national and international responsibilities flippantly enough without THE DIGEST, or any other magazine, making the whole thing appear as a high "game"—made to amuse momentarily and to be forgotten at will. —*Dorothy Studt*

INDUSTRIES faced with necessary relocation or desiring to make economic shifts or expansions will find it possible to plan for years of profitable operation in Mississippi. Favorable legislation, friendly people, available raw products, adequate transportation and power facilities, plus an equitable climate, combine to present industry with a new day of unparalleled opportunity.

MINERALS and CLAYS

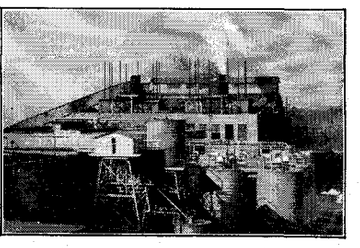
The industrial use of Mississippi's vast storehouse of minerals and clays is in progress, with one mine yielding 800 tons of bentonite per week. Many valuable deposits still remain untouched.



BENTONITE MINE

FORESTRY PRODUCTS

Leading the South in board feet production of lumber Mississippi has available adequate raw materials for paper and pulp industries. Present mills are running full capacity but other areas remain open for development.



KRAFT PAPER MILL

With soybean and tung oil yields increasing; with interest gaining in the manufacture of starch from sweet potatoes; with sea food production expanding on the Mississippi Gulf Coast; with interest continuing in hosiery and garment industries — Mississippi invites you to come and join in the new era of industrial progress and prosperity that it is experiencing.

Read the Facts—Write Today

for this illustrated booklet—it contains new and interesting information about "Mississippi — A Land of Industrial Opportunity."

MISSISSIPPI INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

A DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI A GREAT AGRICULTURAL STATE — GOING TO TOWN **INDUSTRIALLY**

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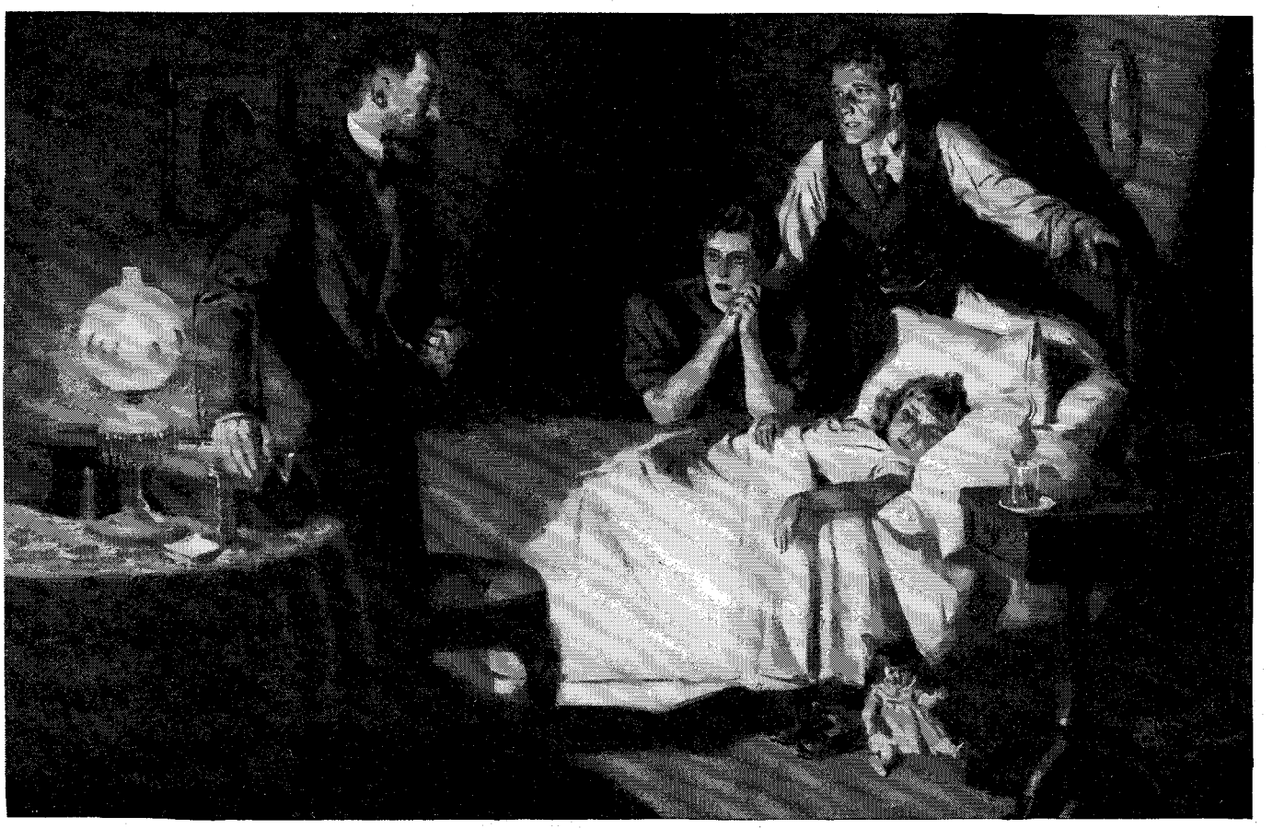

THROUGH EVERY EPIDEMIC ... SINCE 1845

One home . . . one child . . .

A hundred . . . a thousand . . . a million . . . *dread epidemic!*

Epidemics are not just a thing of the distant past. Can you remember back to 1918? Influenza swept across the country like a prairie fire. It took its heaviest toll among strong men in the prime of life—many of them fathers who had protected their families through the New York Life. From this one epidemic alone this Company's death loss payments were almost *twice as great as all its losses from all the wars since 1845.*

Epidemics, as well as wars and panics, test the strength of a life insurance company. The New York Life has met these tests without fail since it was founded in 1845.

Because security is the fundamental purpose of life insurance, at all times the New York Life must be prepared for periods of adversity. Therefore, in making its investments, it adheres to the principle that safety should always be the first consideration. In calculating its reserves it employs the most conservative basis used by American and Canadian life insurance companies.

Unless your situation is a very unusual one, you have probably not yet completed the financial plans you have in mind for your family's protection and your own old age. Why not ask a New York Life representative for his suggestions? He may be able to help you.

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION...NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* **51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.** **ALFRED L. AIKEN,** *President*

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The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

NATION-WIDE tests conducted by the American Automobile Association show that men park better than women, have better vision, are less easily blinded by the glare of headlights, hear better, concentrate better; in short, are better equipped to handle the wheel.

The trouble with women drivers, Professor H. R. DeSilva, head of Harvard University's traffic bureau, explained last week, is that they are muscle-bound. "They get set mentally and physically. Their muscles refuse to respond at the speed necessary to modern driving conditions." Hence, he said, it is almost impossible to teach a woman over twenty-five to drive properly, and, naturally, they have more accidents than men.

Except in the case of husbands contemplating divorce, it is not recommended that these facts be read aloud to wives, at least not with emphasis and gestures.

Luxury awheel

SPEAKING of automobiles—and Americans do speak of them much of the time, which is not strange, since there were 24,197,685 passenger cars and 4,023,606 trucks registered in this country on December 31, 1936, and 2,338,440 new registrations in the first six months of 1937—the *New York Times* advises its readers to "Watch Auto Air-Conditioning."

"Development of air-conditioning for the 1938 automobile models," it says in its department, "Advertising News and Notes," "may provide a major new note for automotive copy for the new season. . . . While details of the innovation are lacking as yet, one of the leading automobile companies is understood to be perfecting a device that is expected to set a precedent. Whether other companies have similar projects in process is still undisclosed, but, in view of the refrigerator tie-ups of the leading car producers, this is considered likely.

So air-conditioning, too, is apparently to take to the open road, following the automatic cigarette lighter and the radio. Mr. and Mrs. Motorist are to be assured of filtered air, regulated humidity, and controlled temperatures as they take to the landscaped, four-lane gipsy trail to see Yellowstone Park, the Gaspe Peninsula, Niagara Falls, and the quintuplets.

Realignment again

AN EASTERN conservative and a western liberal suggested last week that the Republican and Democratic parties bow off the political stage.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, wants a "Constitution Liberal" party, solving economic problems in a liberal, forward-facing spirit, "but within the limits of the Constitution," and a "Reactionary Radical" party, aiming "to pull up by the roots everything that exists."

Gov. Philip F. La Follette, of Wisconsin, looks for shifting political currents that by 1940 will have cut through both major parties of today, separating "reactionaries" from "progressives."

As it has since Lincoln's first inaugural address, talk of "political realignment" goes on. And, as usual, it ignores such practical aspects as who is to do the realigning, when, and how.

ACME

SENATOR VANDENBERG asks veterans to work for legislation which will take the profit out of war

Labor vs. Roosevelt

THE NEW DEAL'S hand is no longer in labor's glove. When John L. Lewis' effort to unionize General Motors threatened to peter out last January, he made a bold demand for Roosevelt backing in return for the C.I.O.'s moral and financial support in 1936. "The workers of this country," he rumbled, "expect the Administration to help the workers in every legal way."

To which President Roosevelt retorted: ". . . There are moments when statements, conversation, and headlines are not in order."

Five months later Lewis was storming the stronghold of Little Steel. With riots becoming more frequent and deadly as days passed, the President rebuked strikers and steelmasters alike: "A plague on both your houses."

On Labor Day eve, Lewis took to the radio to boast that his C.I.O. was 3,718,000 strong, urge farmers and workers to unite, and bark at the White House: "It ill behooves one who has supped at labor's table and who has been sheltered in labor's house to curse with equal fervor both labor and its adversaries."

Next day Roosevelt released a Labor Day statement which he had prepared two days before Lewis' speech, but which he presumably thought needed no alterations:

"The age-old contest between capital and labor has been complicated in recent months through mutual distrust and bitter recrimination. Both sides have made mistakes . . . The conference table must eventually take the place of the strike."

Labor vs. labor

WHICH IS the higher authority, a Federal District Court or the National Labor Relations Board? Last week this knotty question was on its way up to a

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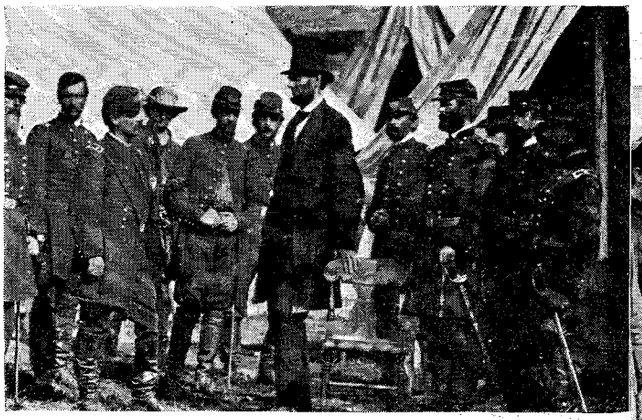

ORIGINAL SCENE at Antietam, snapped by Brady, showing Lincoln conferring with McClellan to discover why his superior forces failed to crush Lee

RE-ENACTMENT of the same Antietam scene, a pageant in Maryland this week, seventy-five years after the bloodiest day in American history

WIDE WORLD

Circuit Court of Appeals—the direct result of a head-on collision of A.F. of L. with C.I.O.

Last May, the Ambridge, Pennsylvania, plant of the National Electric Products Corporation signed a contract with the A.F. of L.'s Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. The contract was challenged by the United Electrical and Radio Workers, C.I.O. affiliate, carried to the Federal District Court for Northern Pennsylvania, and upheld. A fortnight ago the National Labor Relations Board gave the court a legal nose-thumbing, pronounced the contract invalid, and ordered an election to determine which union should bargain for the plant's 1600 workers. The company faced an A. F. of L. boycott or C.I.O. strike, whichever order it obeyed. It managed to wriggle out of this dilemma, finally, by tossing the whole complicated dispute into the lap of the Court of Appeals.

Other industrial concerns plagued by labor's great factional quarrel would have been thankful last week for such an out. On the West Coast, for example, shipping was about to be tied in a sailor's knot by the ambitious, Australian-born Harry Bridges, head of the Pacific division of the International Longshoremen's Association. Bridges has led his longshoremen out of the A.F. of L. and into the C.I.O. Now he is trying to gather inland warehousemen under his wing—the first step in the formation of a great National Industrial Maritime Federation bossed by John L. Lewis. The A.F. of L. claims that its International Brotherhood of Teamsters should control the warehousemen and is out to wage a finish fight against the doughty Bridges. By last week the teamsters were still determined to haul nothing but perishable goods to and from the Bridges-controlled San Francisco docks.

Meanwhile labor storms were brewing off the Atlantic Coast. The International Seamen's Union (A.F. of L.) is fighting for its life against the growing National Maritime Union (C.I.O.). In three big Labor Board elections, the Maritime Union has won decisive victories. Nevertheless, the I.S.U. last week had 65 organizers scurrying from seaport to seaport to sign up new members.

Governors' feud

GOVERNOR CHARLES F. ("Smiling Charlie") Hurley, Massachusetts' popular 240-pound executive, is fond of New England boiled dinners, spaghetti, and chocolate éclairs. He also likes to read in bed. Possibly before dropping off to sleep one night in 1932 he read a widely-discussed book of that year, *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang*, and was horrified by Robert Elliott Burns's bald tale of the prison camp terrorism to which he was subjected. Burns escaped from the chain gang and rebuilt his life in Chicago as an influential and prosperous publisher.

Arrested and shipped back to Georgia in 1929, he made another break. But when Georgia officials located him, in New Jersey this time, extradition was denied and today Burns remains a free man.

If Burns's case clung to Hurley's mind, that might account for his refusal last July to grant Georgia the extradition of another chain gang runaway, James Cunningham, a Negro. Cunningham broke loose in 1924 after serving three months of a ten-year sentence imposed for an alleged robbery, and remained at large 13 years. When Georgia officials asked for him, Hurley declared his conscience would not permit him to send the prisoner back. He could not abide the "cruel and unusual treatment" of prisoners in the Georgia chain gangs.

Georgia's Governor, Eurith D. Rivers, exploded, denouncing Hurley for a "serious indictment of Georgia and her sovereign people." He invited the Northerner "to come here in person and inspect our penal system." Hurley declined to comment on the invitation.

Feeling continued high. Recently Governor Rivers paroled a Negro chain gang prisoner on condition that he head for Massachusetts and remain there for nine months. Immediately he was flooded with clemency applications by prisoners anxious to exchange Georgia chains for Boston beans and freedom.

"It seems," observed the Georgia governor wryly, "Hurley may have solved our prison problem for us. We may not have to keep anyone in our chain gangs under the conditions he complained about."

Tugwelltowns today

IN THE TEENS of this century, when Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell was an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania, he took many a flight into poetry. In the century's early thirties, when Dr. Tugwell was kingpin of the Brain Trusters, Under Secretary of Agriculture and head of the Resettlement Administration, that poetry was glumly recalled as proof that bogy-man Tugwell meant to revolutionize the American way of life by moving our citizens about like so many men on a checkerboard.

The means, presumably, was to be the Tugwell Resettlement Administration. Sufficient proof of the intention was found in the Tugwell undergraduate couplet:

> My plans are fashioned and practical;
> I shall roll up my sleeves—make
> America over!

Today Dr. Tugwell is in the molasses business, and today the Resettlement Administration is dead and buried. There will be no more Tugwelltowns, as the model rural and suburban communities sponsored by the Resettlement Administration were called. And there will be no more Resettlement Administration; Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has just announced that it will be renamed the Farm Security Administration and shorn of its town-planning functions.

Though these functions captured the popular imagination and sent shudders down the spines of timorous conservatives, the Resettlement Administration had many other duties, such as lending

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money to farmers, and buying up submarginal land.

But public interest centered in the thirty-eight subsistence homestead projects which the RA inherited from the Interior Department, and in Greenbelt, Greenhills, and Greendale, model communities which the RA created outside Washington, Cincinnati, and Milwaukee.

The stores, garages, and service stations of Greenbelt, soon to be ready for 885 families, will be operated hereafter on a coöperative nonprofit basis. The Farm Security Administration will supervise the town, but there will be no more transplantations of citizens. The emphasis, says Secretary Wallace, will be on the purchase of marginal lands and on loans to rural tenants to enable them to own their own farms, "not on the idea of picking a farmer up here and moving him over there."

Fighting syphilis

"CHICAGO, Fight Syphilis—Vote Today," read a banner towed by an airplane over that city recently. It referred to a referendum on the following question, sent to a million Chicagoans by state and city health authorities: "In strict confidence, and at no expense to you, would you like to be given, by your own physician, a blood test for syphilis?"

Other modern publicity methods amplified the adjuration in the air as Chicago carried the fight against syphilis into every home. The National Youth Administration organized a children's crusade. The Chicago Medical Society threw its 5000 physicians into the drive. The Cooks' and Pastry Cooks' Union pledged that its members would be tested to close up this source of possible infection. City judges, reviving a little-used law of 1919, required tests and treatment for certain prisoners.

And the citizenry swung into line beyond all expectations. Of the 100,000 persons answering the question thus far, 95 per cent have answered "Yes." Hence, with estimates of expected applicants running as high as 750,000, health authorities are already analyzing blood samples. University laboratories are being conscripted for the work, and state and city laboratories are being expanded.

In the interest of speed and economy, the simple Kahn test, using extract of beef heart to produce a telltale precipitation in syphilitic blood, has been substituted for the standard but complicated Wassermann. Dr. Reuben Kahn, its discoverer, has left his University of Michigan post to direct the Chicago examinations. Free treatments will be provided for persons found to be diseased.

While Chicago's drive has been the most spectacular in the widespread campaign against syphilis launched since Thomas Parran, syphilologist, became Surgeon General of the United States in 1936, other sections of the country are fighting more quietly. Alabama has begun to distribute free drugs to doctors for the treatment of indigent patients. New York City's Department of Health administered 87,000 syphilis tests in the second quarter of this year, and, doubling the figures of the previous quarter, distributed 50,000 free doses of bismuth and Salvarsan. The unexpected intensity of the drive leaves Dr. Parran "agreeably astounded."

Cotton loan

SENTIMENT throughout the cotton trade usually is opposed to "farm relief" activities, but the Government's new loan and adjustment program has been accepted by the merchant element and by a large proportion of the producers as about the best temporary expedient that could have been devised under the circumstances.

Its most acceptable feature is the avoidance of a loan so far above the world price level that it would obstruct the movement of cotton into the channels of trade. In earlier years the Government lent 10 and 12 cents a pound.

The present loan level is placed at 9 cents for cotton of middling grade ⅞ inch staple, which is employed as a basic standard. Cotton running as poor in grade as low middling or strict low middling is given a loan value of 7¾ cents. Cotton with only 13/16 of an inch in staple is granted a loan of 8 cents, but here no grade below middling will be accepted.

The other phase of the Government's program is the "adjustment payment" offered to producers who will have signed up next season for participation in the production-control program expected to be embodied in congressional legislation next session.

These payments are granted on only 65 per cent of the coöperating farmers' production, and represent the difference between the price received by the grower and 12 cents. His price is figured on the average of ten spot markets in the South on the day of sale.

An example of how the payment plan would work may be simply set forth as follows: A farmer sells his cotton, and on that day the average price at the designated markets is, say 9½ cents. He would be entitled to receive 2½ cents a pound from the Government to bring his return up to 12 cents.

Considerable cotton of the less desirable qualities is expected to find its way into the 9-cent loan, but if a good demand develops and the price rises later in the season, as seems probable, the farmer can sell this cotton at a higher price and pay off his loan.

During the past half year, cotton prices have declined six cents a pound: from 15.25 cents in March (average at the ten Southern markets) to 9.40 cents last week. The new crop has been estimated at 15.6 million bales, exceeded only three times in a quarter century. Last year's production was 12.4 million.

Our Pacific Gibraltar

TO THE American layman, Hawaii means a far-off paradise of pineapples, poi, pearly sands, and sky-blue water. To the American army or naval officer, Hawaii means the first line of defense in the Pacific. As the Sino-Japanese conflict con-

EUROPEAN

NAZI HUMOR at Camp Nordland in New Jersey, directed against Congressman Dickstein of New York. The cannon is a stovepipe; ammunition, beer bottles

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INTERNATIONAL

WHO IS BOSS in Peiping, China's old capital, is carefully explained to Chinese residents by this Japanese proclamation

tinued last week, Americans began thinking more about it.

There are eight major islands in the Hawaiian group. Two are well-known: Hawaii, and Oahu.

Oahu is the apex of a great defensive triangle: Oahu to Panama to Aleutian Islands (off Alaska) to Oahu. The apex of the triangle would have to be shattered before any fleet from Asiatic waters could harry the California coast. Should one start on such a mission, our Pacific Fleet would dash for the naval base at Pearl Harbor, Oahu being defended until it arrived by the Hawaiian Department of the U. S. Army. That is why the United States wants Oahu to be our Pacific Gibraltar, why we have willingly spent $100,000,000 to fortify it.

Today there are 25,000 soldiers and sailors ready to defend Pearl Harbor, including a full army division (minus cavalry) quartered at Schofield Barracks. Stationary cannon protect Honolulu Harbor, but the rest of the defensive equipment is highly mobile. Railroad guns puff along a narrow-gauge track that skirts the shore from Pearl Harbor to Kaneohe Bay. Nearly 200 observation, pursuit, and bombing planes are poised for flight. This air force probably will be trebled within a year, and the new $18,000,000 airport, Hickam Field, will be completed.

Some 58 miles of military roads give the troops excellent lines of communication. Finally, a vast bomb-proof and shell-proof ammunition depot has just been hewed out of the dead crater of Aliamanu.

But Oahu is not yet invulnerable. Major-General Hugh A. Drum, hard-boiled commander of the Hawaiian Department for two years, recently returned to the mainland with the revelation that Oahu's biggest problem is food. The island's 210,000 inhabitants import 85 per cent of what they eat, which means that a naval blockade would soon starve them. General Drum advocates small farms on which the islands could grow foodstuffs.

In China

LAST WEEK Chiang Kai-shek was appointed "official" war dictator of China (he has been factual dictator for a decade); and Japan restored the ancient Confucian creed of ethical philosophy in conquered Peiping. Here it will supplant the new "George Washington" cult of bowing three times to nationalist Dr. Sun Yat-sen's image. Sun was the Chinese patriot-republican who died in 1925, and Chiang started as his secretary, the pair marrying beautiful Soong sisters.

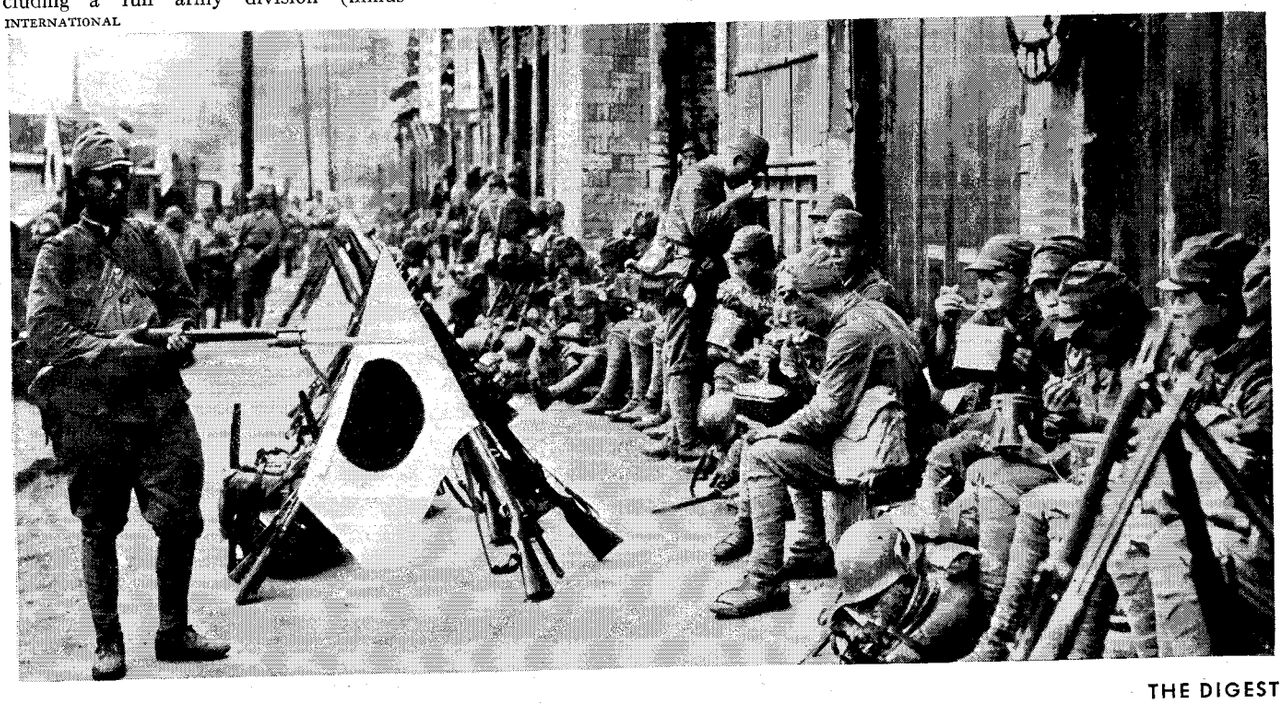
President Roosevelt warns Americans to get out and stay out of China if they don't want to get hurt (as he did in respect to 1935 Ethiopia and 1936 Spain), without invoking the Neutrality Act, whose application might unwittingly aid the Japanese. Fighting continues in the air, from the sea, along the Great Wall, in Shantung province whence once hailed Confucius, and around Shanghai; while England and America complain about arbitrary Japanese "peace" blockade of the Chinese coast.

England expects

ENGLAND is internationally unhappy.... Anonymous black submarines attack her shipping in the Mediterranean—"anonymous," but everybody knows whose they are. . . . In China her ambas-

WHO IS BOSS in Peiping, if the proclamation shown above fails to convince, is quite forcefully demonstrated by Japanese bayonets

INTERNATIONAL



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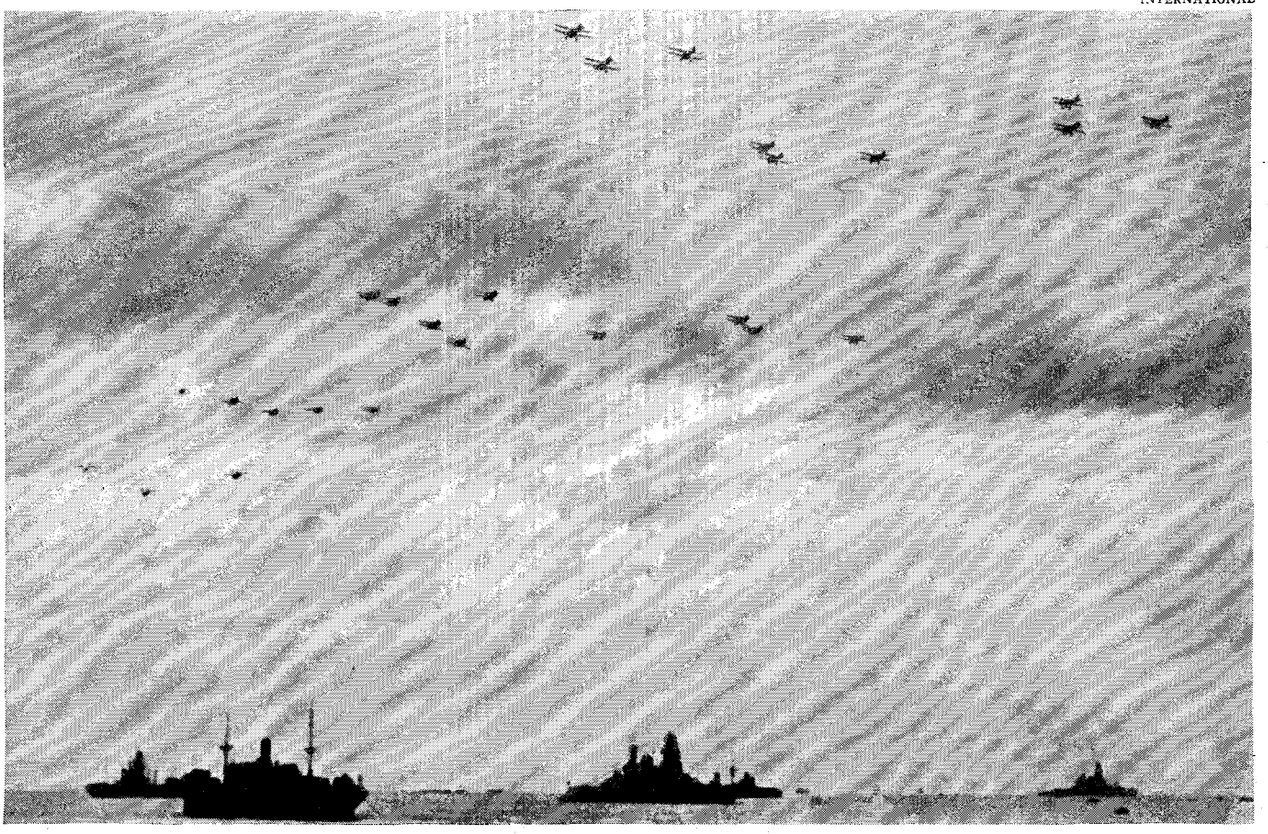

BLOCKADE OF 2150 MILES of China's coast, by Japan, will be enforced largely by airplane patrol. Here Nippon's air fleet carries out maneuvers with the navy

sador is shot by the not-too-repentant Japanese. . . . Germany is rude to her in various little Prussian ways. . . . Her ancient ally, Portugal, moves into the pro-German camp in the matter of the Spanish civil war. . . .

The British regular army simply cannot be recruited to full strength, despite inducements. . . . Indo-Gandhists and Irish are rebellious. . . . Most active imperial friend is now anti-imperial Moscow, as King George VI and Czar Stalin I stand together, perforce, in Orient and Iberia. (Russia quarrels violently with Italy over "pirate" submarines; backs China with a friendly nonaggression pact. The allegedly Italian submarines attempt to shut off petroleum supplies from the Spanish loyalist air force.)

The British rearmament program will not be comfy-completed till close to 1942, and, up to that point, England doubtless will try to lie low. However, 7½ billion dollars spent on munitions is 7½ billion dollars spent on munitions; and after '42 (possibly long before that date) Mussolini had better watch his step—provided there is a Mussolini in '42.

Argentina elects

IN A ROUGH election last week Dr. Roberto Ortiz, Tory government and army candidate, defeated Marcelo de Alvear, ex-president since 1928 and candidate of the Tammany Hall-like Radical party. Ranching Argentina has 12 million people—Italo-Spanish and all white—and nearly 3 million of them balloted. (Males over 18 vote; females do not.)

Presidents in Argentina may not succeed themselves, and their terms are for six years. As in America, voters ballot for an electoral college—376 men who pick the chief executive. A minor candidate was Dr. Nicholas Repetto, socialist.

The son of Tory General Augustin Justo, president whose term now expires, is an ardent communist who is said to have booed President Roosevelt and Yankee imperialism when F.D.R. visited Buenos Aires last year. But then—the sons of Chiang Kai-shek, Stanley Baldwin, Thomas Lamont, and Senator Bingham are loud-speaking leftists too.

Kleber's outlanders

THE WORLD first heard of the International Brigade last November, in the early days of the siege of Madrid. Then 1900 strong, composed mainly of anti-fascist Germans and Italians, experienced soldiers all, they threw themselves against Franco's forces, stemmed the rebel advance. Their appearance came at a psychological moment, for it coincided with the amazing spiritual and moral reversal of the Spanish militia. Today Madrid still holds out, thanks to this gallant band.

Since that day the fame of the brigade has spread around the world. Its exploits have drawn from all corners of the globe idealistic youth, older men of sincere convictions, soldiers of fortune, and some adventurers—all, except possibly the last, grim anti-fascists. This month they are 15,000 strong—considered the finest fighting unit of their kind in the world.

Men of 55 nations are represented in its ranks. Largest groups are German, Italian, American, French, English, Belgian, Canadian, Hungarian, Irish, and Scandinavian. Some 3000 American anti-fascists fight in units known as the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, George Washington Battalion, Tom Mooney Machine-Gun Company, and John Brown Artillery Battery. Germans have their Ernst Thaelmann Battalion, Italians their Garibaldi Battalion. Canada is represented by the Mackenzie-Papeneau Battalion. Ninety per cent of these international soldiers are infantrymen. Others serve in artillery, transport, medical corps; a few in aviation. Contrary to popular belief, there are *no* Russian private soldiers in the Brigade.

Supreme commander of this polyglot force is General Emilio (born Emil) Kleber, international globe-trotting general of revolutionary armies by profession. Austrian-born, Canadian-naturalized, this 41-year-old is a veteran of the World War, and has matched wits with China's Chiang Kai-shek, much to the discomfort of the Chinese commander.

Kleber wrote one of the most epic phases of any war's history in 1926 when, as "general" of a Chinese army of 56,000 men—armed with rifles having just twelve rounds apiece—he retreated

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3,500 miles across China from Chiang's 1,200,000 well-armed soldiers. Herr Senor Kleber maintained order and discipline, defeated force after force which Chiang hurled against him, ended up safe in Szechwan province.

To loyalist Spain, Kleber and his brigade are the saviors of Madrid. To rebel Franco they are anathema. To General Jose Miaja, supreme commander of the Madrid defense junta, they are what the doctor ordered.

French railways

LA FRANCE has a penchant for *la Graft*—public, but more especially private. Hence the leftist Paris government steps in and seeks to semi-nationalize here and there. Munitions plants, airplane works, and the once aristo-monopolistic Bank of France have been brought to heel since the Popular Front came to power in mid-1936. Last week it was the railways.

The railway deficit in the 1937 budget was put at nearly half a billion dollars—seven systems with approximately 26,000 miles of track. Now, by cabinet decree, they will be merged into a single holding company, with the government owning a majority of the stock. The Chamber of Deputies and Senate have yet to ratify, but doubtless will.

Two of the seven railroad systems were already owned and operated by the government. They totalled a third of the national trackage. The other five will now be stringently regulated by the ministry of public works (whose boss is an old-fashioned "1789" Radical, Henri Queuille) and by a joint board of directors comprising three men from each system, a third of them government-appointed.

All this is not out-and-out nationalization, but it is drastic compared with our relatively lenient Interstate Commerce Commission (U. S. Republicans to the contrary). The powerful C.G.T. trade-union group (see September 11 number) has a heavy muscular stake in French railways, as have our Big Five railway brotherhoods at home. Yet there is peace.

The whole business is a compromise. Everyone is fairly happy. Depleted stockholders hope that the deficit will be government-repaired. The C.G.T. is tickled. The red-pink-and-blue cabinet members like to try to nationalize things. Above all, the army general staff is glad of an efficient, centralized railroad direction. It demands the continuation of seemingly uneconomic, parallel railway lines to promote quick movement of troops, guaranteeing to mobilize 3 million men in 24 hours and even 6 million men (if it has them) in 48 hours. Thus la Republique, for once, agrees to agree.

Austro-news items

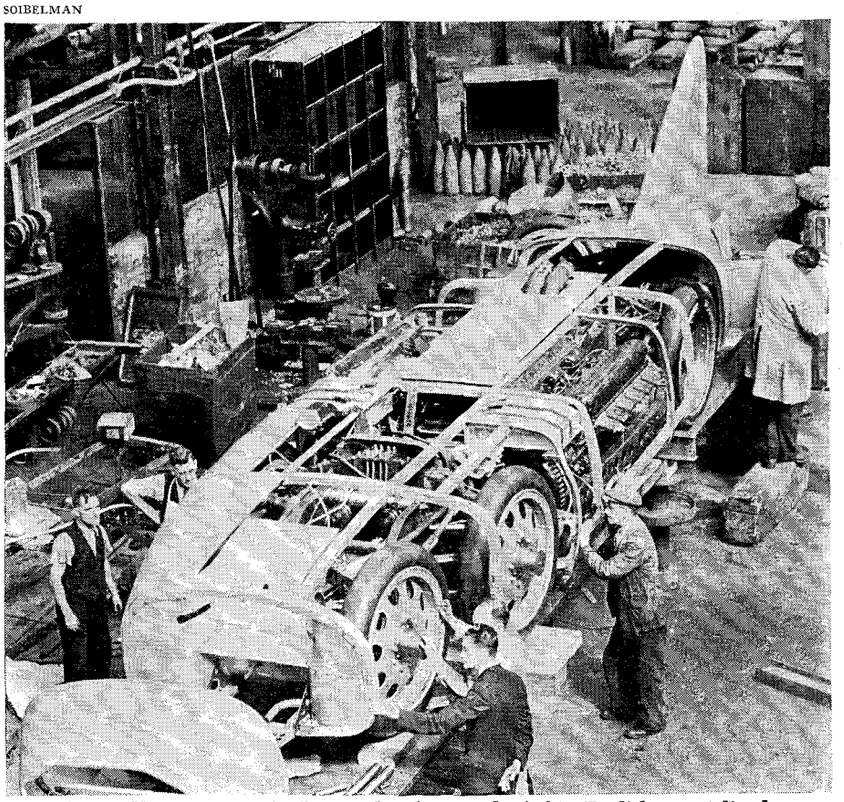
LITTLE, hospitable Austria (population, 7 million) is under a mid-road, common-sense dictatorship which guards against nazis to the right and reds to the left. Or so her friends say. She has strict rules of censorship, but a sloppy, clerical administration which ensures a fairly liberal, not too brutal regime. Her visitors are of all sorts of creeds.

For instance: to Bad Gastein, near Vienna, goes Max Litvinov, Russian foreign minister. He is the only headline Jew left in Soviet office (Stalin is reputedly anti-Semitic)—on "sick-leave" which may be a self-imposed, safe-and-sane exile as Russian purgings continue. Whether nervous Max is heartsick or blood-sick remains to be seen. Others at Bad Gastein: Fulvio Suvich, Italian ambassador to America (where Litvinov negotiated in 1933); Franz Papen, German ambassador to Austria (expelled from America in 1916); the Hungarian premier and foreign minister, Herren K. Daranyi and K. Kanya.

Meanwhile, Austro-dictator Schuschnigg organizes a private praetorian guard which corresponds to Hitler's brown-shirt S.A. and blackshirt S.S. storm-troops. Schuschnigg's boys, numbering perhaps 10,000, are huge, natty, fighting fellows dressed in midnight blue, with black shirts and shiny boots. Called S.K., or Sturmkorps, they are the romantic special army of the Austrian Fatherland Front, which corresponds to the omnipotent Nazi party in Germany.

But if these brand-new S.K. praetorians can save Austria from German annexation, they will prove even smarter than their smart new uniforms.

SOIBELMAN



310 MILES PER HOUR may be the speed of this English streamlined light-wheel car when it reaches the salt-bed track near Salt Lake City. Designed by Capt. G. E. T. Eyston, it has two 3000 horse-power engines

Goering's shooting-preserve

THEY MAY tell all sorts of jokes about pudgy, sporty airmaster Goering, but that game-keeping daredevil commands some 3000 new planes, inferior to Russian Chaco and Mosca models, but not so bad at that. Ace Goering's place-in-the-sun now extends over a full third of Germany. (The area of Germany approximates Wyoming and Idaho combined; smaller than France and Spain.)

In other words, a third of *Mutter Germania* is now closed to all aeronautics except official German military aviation. This third is the flighty airmaster's sun place. The forbidden 33 1/3 per cent includes a dozen major radio stations, two-score shooting ranges, dikes, munition factories, and the private estates of certain on-the-make nazi leaders. . . . Also, the whole North Sea coastline, and such strategic northern islands as Helgoland, Borkum, Norderney; "holy" Nuremberg city during last week's 1937 nazi convention; areas given over to the current army maneuvers; routes traveled by Herr Hitler himself. Commercial and foreign planes must follow prescribed air-routes and keep German radio stations informed as to their whereabouts.

So it goes aerially. Germany's leading fight-strategists used to insist that war was merely a bad means to a good end. Now it appears that the tailspin is wagging the war dog. Poor ace Goering has lost 20 lbs. worrying about it—but he

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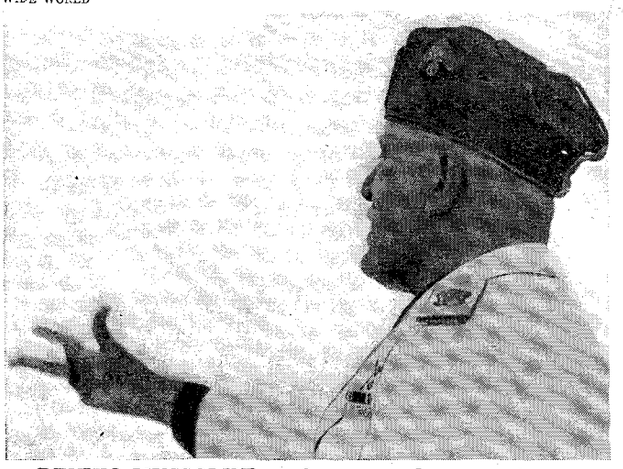
WIDE WORLD



BENITO MUSSOLINI, ready to grasp larger portions of the earth for Italy; or perhaps to greet Herr Hitler; or perhaps merely an appealing gesture to an audience

builds more planes just the same. One-third of the very air he breathes is his private shooting-preserve.

Red politicide

JAPAN and Germany are the world's top suicide countries. In Japan it is a sort of national sport, called hara-kiri. In Germany (with a rate nearly twice as big as America's) it is supposedly due to overwork and morbid introspection.

The stolid Russian rate is lower—but not so low among "Trotskyite" public officials pestered by Stalin and his circle.

P. P. Lyubchenko, premier of the Ukraine, Russia's second biggest state, kills himself, "apparently afraid to answer before the Ukranian people for his betrayal of their interests." The 40-year-old victim had flashing eyes and a pointed beard. Said he last December, "Just as a pig cannot see the sky, so Hitler will never see our Ukrainian meadows."

Jan Gamarnik, bearded political general and vice-commissar for defense, committed suicide last June, not long before the execution of eight Red army chieftains (including Marshal Tukachevsky, another vice-commissar for defense). Alex Chervyakov, state president of White Russia, also killed himself in June; and the famous Old Bolshevik, Tomsky, Soviet trade-union leader, turned the same trick last winter.

The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is made up of seven states. Local governments of six have now been purged, leaving only the Great Russian state, which contains 70 per cent of the total population and 92 per cent of the total area, including Leningrad, Moscow, vast Siberia, Armenians and Eskimos, stretching from the Arctic to Persia.

Died

Lionel Walter Rothschild, second Baron Rothschild, 69, head of the English branch of the banking family; more interested in zoology and philanthropy.

Clinton B. Ellenberger, 61, Third Assistant Postmaster General; former treasurer of the Pennsylvania Democratic Committee.

Charles F. Thwing, 83, D.D., president emeritus of Western Reserve University, Cleveland; former president of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

Cajetan Cardinal Bisleti, 81, prefect of the Congregation of Seminaries and of Universities, Vatican City; who had been the oldest living Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church.

James Cox Davis, 79, Des Moines, Iowa, attorney and director general of the United States Railroad Administration during the post-war liquidation.

Frank Percy Crozier, 58, Brigadier-General, retired, British Army; brilliant war leader who turned pacifist and exposed military brutalities in books he wrote; his most recent book, *The Men I Killed,* precipitated an international controversy.

Herman Diederichs, 63, dean of the College of Engineering at Cornell University, forty years a member of its faculty.

Harry Moses, 64, producer of the Pulitzer prize-winning play, *The Old Maid,* and co-producer with Howard Shumlin of *Grand Hotel.*

George H. Simmons, 85, former editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association,* crusader against medical quackery and fraud.

Angus D. MacLean, 60, former special Assistant Attorney General and Assistant Solicitor General, who prepared the briefs and argued before the Supreme Court in two of the government's three gold clause cases heard early in 1935.

Pierre de Fredi, Baron de Coubertin, 74, promoter and organizer of the modern Olympic games, enemy of commercialized sport.

Robert Hunt Lyman, 73, former editor of *The World Almanac;* retired in April after 50 years in New York journalism.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

A MEXICAN professor wants to "take the glamor out of war." All he has to do is to circulate a few pictures of the Shanghai battle-front.—*Buffalo News.*

The United States Army has purchased planes that can fly five miles a minute. Such are necessary and aid in making war more uncomfortable. But we offer the customary 8 to 5 that the next war, like the last, will be won by infantrymen marching three miles an hour.—*W. C. S. in Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Roosevelt is right when he says that the time to repair a leaky roof is while the sun is shining. But haven't we been promised in ringing tones that it is never going to rain again?—*Worcester (Mass.) Evening Gazette.*

"Our troops did not land until now because of our policy of non-aggravation," says Tokyo's spokesman. It's nice to have things down in snow black and coal white. —*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

Andy Mellon's huge estate may escape tax. He knew you can't take it with you, but he may have found a way in which Uncle Sam can't take it from you.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Hundreds have given up trying to fathom Franco's fighting style, now that he's captured a place he took last April. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

It ought to be of some significance that, after 15 years of radio, the biggest hit of the air is a ventiloquist's dummy. —*Chattanooga Times.*

Henry Ford is in good physical condition at 74, a news item states. Well, remember when they used to say riding in the old Model T was good for your liver? —*Joplin (Mo.) News-Herald.*

If Europe is in a trading mood, we might consider recalling young John Roosevelt in exchange for any three British lecturers.—*Senator Soaper in Los Angeles Times.*

President Roosevelt is undecided whether to make Congress mad by calling an extra session or to let them stay mad.—*Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press.*

Japan is not officially at war with China. If there are any Japs acting disorderly in China they must be just bandits.—*Tampa Tribune.*

"Multiple births are more frequent in larger families," declares a statistician. It's mighty hard to fool a statistician. —*Washington Post.*

Swing music, according to a manager of a chain of dance orchestras, is on the way out. Yessir, before long, orchestras will be practicing pieces before they play them in public.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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EVER NORMAL GRANARY

Secretary Wallace's plan is of questionable benefit to small farmer and consumer

WITHOUT a moment's misgiving or weakening of purpose our evangelistic Secretary of Agriculture had been bringing constant pressure upon the White House. True to his forecastings and apprehensions, Henry Wallace was urging the President to call Congress back to Washington in extra session not later than early November.

Good weather conditions and good commodity prices have had their expanding influence upon the crops of 1937. Cotton production has returned to old-time normal. Wheat is super-abundant. The corn-belt will feed more hogs than ever. The potato crop is too large for a profitable market.

Mr. Wallace could not wait to have his new law for full control of all agricultural production. Before adjournment in late August, Congress had promised to consider this control measure at the very top of its calendar upon the opening of the regular session in January next. But the Secretary was worried as he noted the crop reports. He feared sagging prices if he could not have his new control mechanism at once. Next year's regular session will face a heavy program of competing measures. Secretary Wallace thinks his bill would fare better in an extra session called for this principal purpose.

The A. A. A. (Agricultural Adjustment Administration) was swept out of existence by the Supreme Court. It was continued nominally, in skeletonized form, but its compulsory powers—the collection of processing taxes, crop control and subsidy grants—were abolished. It had already been destroyed for practical purposes by its last absurdity, that of potato control down to the tiniest half-peck. Under the pretensions of the A. A. A. there lay a simple fact that even the opposition press, while freely criticizing, did not quite understand. Let us state it: There was no unity, either of principle or of subject-matter, in the A. A. A. The only unity lay in the fact that there was a focus of administration.

Mr. Chester Davis, as Administrator, was an excellent man with whom no fault is to be found. But he knew that the wheat program was as distinct from the cotton program as banana culture in Central America is distinct from the fisheries off the coast of Labrador. The corn-and-hog program was wholly separate, in its origin, character, motive, and application. The program for regulation of milk production and dairy products followed along in a course of its own. A number of lesser programs, comprising such articles as peanuts, were added from time to time. Sugar was regulated under a different law, and eggs were protected by high tariffs. Then came the great explosion over the raising and selling of the common white potato, and the whole structure of control from Washington was exposed as futile and preposterous.

Everything was lumped under the word "farming," or the word "agriculture." The uninformed public was made to suppose that these programs were all invented for the benefit of the rural population working on the land—those close to the soil who had suffered greatly through the fall of prices in (or about) the year 1922. War-stricken Europe was recovering, and had ceased to buy our food products when Uncle Sam suddenly stopped providing our trans-Atlantic friends with the necessary cash.

SO FAR as the United States was concerned, wheat surplus did not result from the normal processes of farming with rotated crops. It was wholly due to the speculators of the far west and southwest. These were not farmers but absentee landlords. They had plowed up hundreds of thousands of acres of the firm old sod of the cattle-ranges, to produce wheat at war-time prices. It was they who made the "New Deal's" wheat program, for their own benefit. For a moderate reduction of their wheat acreage the A. A. A. gave them checks that made them millionaires. They continued their destructive one-crop methods, resulting in the dust storms that tormented the real farming states, lying far to the eastward.

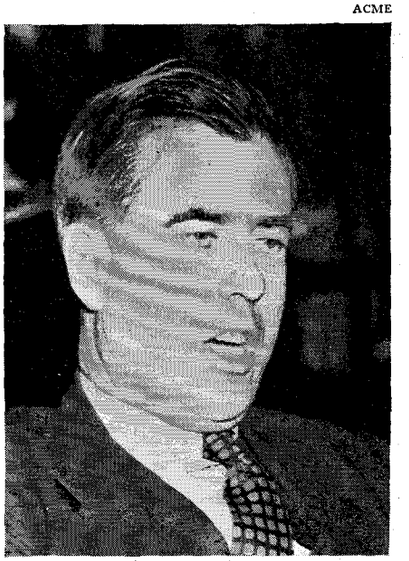
Is Mr. Henry Wallace a Liberal or a Conservative? Our answer is that his whole policy is that of the most extreme Toryism. Judged by his theories (he deals only in abstractions) he would seem to be the most reactionary and narrow-minded nationalist who has ever sat in a Cabinet at Washington. Of the several major programs of the A. A. A. each one represented landlordism, pure and simple, of a type that would not be tolerated in any enlightened European country today. Since these landlord interests devised all the programs for their own benefit, and wrote them into the A. A. A. system through their lobby agents at Washington, how could it be expected that the small independent farmer or the tenant worker would be the direct beneficiary?

Everyone knows that the cotton program was primarily for the benefit of the great landlord planters and their system. This class in the lower South had grown "land poor" with the disastrous fall in the price of cotton. Government policy was meant to restore the value of their lands, regardless of the welfare of the ill-housed and poverty-stricken share croppers, and the actual workers.

THE DIRECT remedy for the wheat situation—indeed, the only obvious one—was to retrieve the mistake made earlier in turning the public lands over to private ownership, westward of a reasonable homestead limit for resident farmers. The subsidies paid by Mr. Wallace to the wheat barons, on whose domains there were no farmers, would have sufficed to buy back the misused lands, and to restore the plains to grazing, with some experimental attempts at public forestry. This would have ended surplus wheat troubles, and the "ever normal granary" would have been maintained by actual farmers all the way from New York and Pennsylvania to those western areas where there is a true farm population engaged in more than one-crop soil mining.

It will be admitted that the cotton barons and the wheat barons have represented landlordism of a detrimental kind. The application of their separate A. A. A. programs required special bureaucracies

ACME



SECRETARY WALLACE wants Congress to come back in November, to enact his farm-control legislation

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at Washington. Also many thousands of men were engaged in hundreds of counties and localities in the difficult business of applying the restrictive regulations (exacting and complex as they were) to the cases of all the land-owners who could qualify for a share in the federal subsidy.

The third landlord class is numerous in the state where Mr. Wallace was born and has always lived. Much Iowa farm acreage had been marked up in the war period to prices four or five times as high as its average earning power would justify. Uncle Sam had given away this land to settlers—some of it within the memory of elderly farmers now living. Having grown tired of farm life in the corn-belt climate of summer heat and winter cold, many thousands of the middle-western farmers had gone to live in their market towns.

RELIABLE farm hands could raise corn and could feed hogs, with owners living comfortably in town. The owners, rapidly and surprisingly, had assumed the character of a new class of absentee landlords. Congress has now been persuaded to enter upon an immense lending project, for the alleged purpose of helping the tenants buy the farms they are operating for the absent owners. So far as the Middle West is concerned, this pretext should be subjected to serious inquiry. Is it not the real object of "tenant aid" to enable the absentee landlords to induce their so-called tenants to buy them out on terms that could be realized only through "New Deal" financing? The tenants seem to be in a good position already, and they should be careful how they buy corn-hog land at asking prices, with money borrowed from Washington.

This corn-belt tenant situation reproduces, quite curiously, some of the features of the land disturbances in Ireland several decades ago. Absentee landlords could no longer collect their high rents. The Tories were in power, under Mr. Balfour as Prime Minister. The great Land Purchase enactments gave to the poor Irish farmers the happy sense of ownership and security. But, quite as obviously, the Tory government was relieving its own friends, the embarrassed landlords, by taking over their estates at prices none too low, giving them interest-bearing government bonds in exchange. Tenant aid was praiseworthy; but landlord relief was no less an object. The "New Deal" seems to be repeating Irish history, and coming to the rescue of absentee landlords in the West and South.

WIDE WORLD

HEAD MAN of what remains of A.A.A. is Dr. Howard A. Tolley of Indiana, agricultural expert extraordinary

GENDREAU

Mr. Wallace thinks he can handle the United States as an economic unit. His conceptions seem to be exactly opposite to those of Secretary Hull. Regardless of droughts and floods and all the powers of nature, and also regardless of the irrepressible energy of individual Americans, Mr. Wallace still believes that the economic uses of land can be minutely controlled—down to the cabbage patch—by a federal government of limited powers through a centralized bureaucracy.

The control of his noble instrument by a great organist, or the harmonies of an orchestra under the magic baton of its leader—these, perhaps, serve as analogies in Henry Wallace's mind when he dreams of nation-wide crop control (the "ever normal granary"). He will probably secure his law. All the groups of landlords will be further enriched for a time. It will be at the expense, however, of every household budget in the United States.

What will the consumers do about it? Will the keen-minded women of America take the trouble to analyze these policies? Will actual farmers derive more than temporary, incidental benefit?

THE NEW farm control system will be expensive and inconvenient. Fortunately for the country, it can never succeed. Mr. Wallace might as well try to sweep back the ocean tides with a broom as to regulate all the old and new activities of agriculture. Soil conservation is necessary, and state authorities are chiefly responsible. The services of Mr. Wallace's Department are nation-wide and invaluable, as in a hundred ways they coöperate with state and local agencies. Let no one suppose that we would disparage his Department in its appropriate functions.

In 1933 Congress delegated A. A. A. powers to the executive without discussion. The processing taxes were then levied to provide funds with which to subsidize agriculture. The new Act will have to avoid such unconstitutional delegations of authority. The most that we can demand is a genuine discussion of its character. In some form, later on, it will certainly be enacted.

It will be administered by Dr. Howard R. Tolley, who is now at the head of what remains of the A. A. A. functions. No man in the country is better fitted than Dr. Tolley to execute such a measure as Congress may adopt. He came originally from Indiana, but his experiences have been nation-wide, and he is one of the foremost experts in the present bureaucracy at Washington.

Already the large potato producers have been conferring with Dr. Tolley and demanding a subsidy on this year's crop, promising that they will obey acreage restrictions next year. But how will they curb the small growers? We cannot envy Dr. Tolley the predicaments in which he will find himself.

Albert Shaw.

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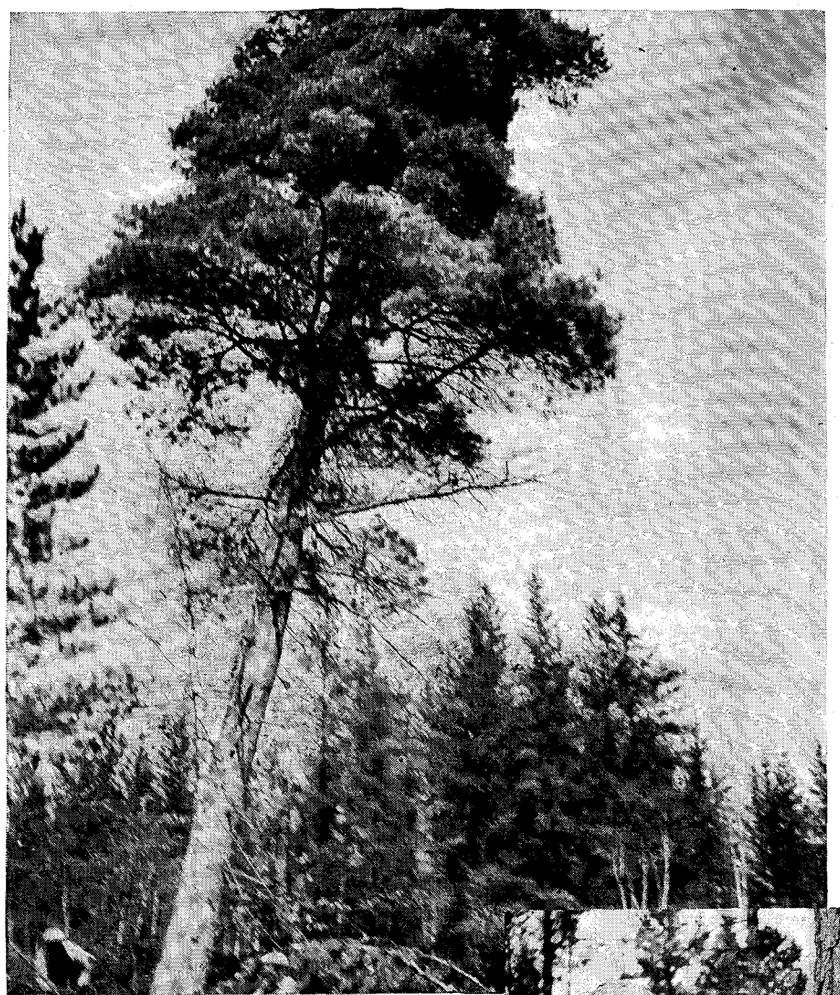
LET THE CHIPS FALL

PHOTOS BY VICTOR DE PALMA FROM BLACK STAR



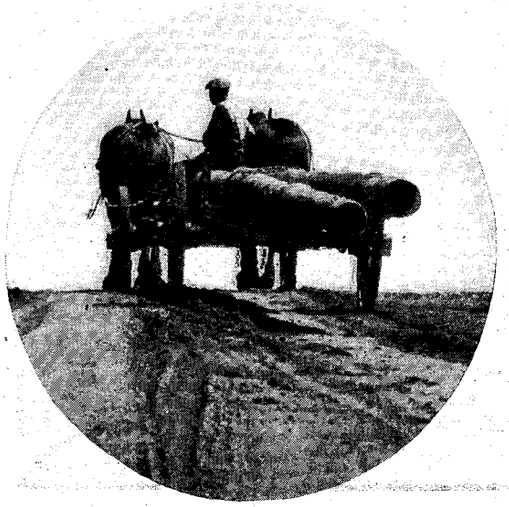
TIMBER!—the shout marks a tree's fall. It will next be trimmed and sawed into lengths

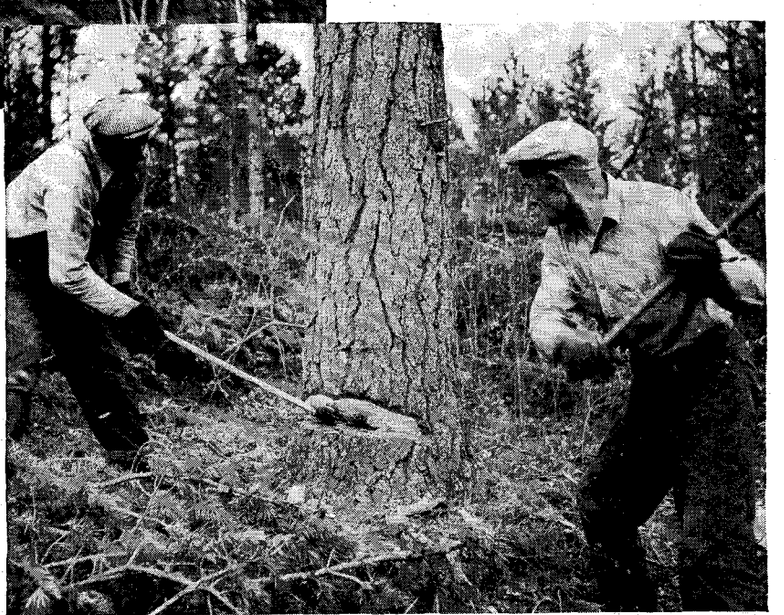
ESSENTIALLY American is the lumber industry—one of the oldest of our big businesses—in spite of the many Scandinavians among the loggers of the Northwest, and the sprinkling of French-Canadians among those of the Northeast. Not only is the United States the largest lumber-producing country in the world (supplying more than one-half of the world's lumber); it is also the largest consumer, and uses about 60 per cent of its annual production.

Although machinery has speeded up production, with tractors replacing horses and oxen, and railroads moving the logs more rapidly than rivers (horses and rivers are still used, however) and although great improvements have been made in the living conditions of the lumberjacks, the basic elements of the industry are slow to change. Men still fell trees. And to do this, they push farther and farther into the wilderness.

They still perform spectacular feats that require unerring balance and timing—such as the "topper" or "high-climber" who, equipped with safety-belt and spurs, climbs 150 feet above the ground to saw the top off a giant tree, and then hangs on for dear life while the trunk whips

UNDERCUTTING on the side of the fall, then a cross-cut saw on the other





TRANSPORTING the logs to a concentration point is still done by horses although the use of tractors ("cats") is rapidly increasing

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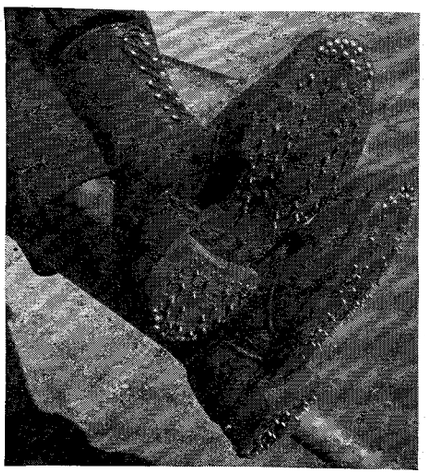

SPIKED SHOES and a sense of balance keep the loggers right side up riding the slippery logs down the river

back and forth like a mast lashed by a gale, or the logger who runs from log to log as they float down a river, guiding them through eddies and rapids.

Not so spectacular, but equally impressive, is the skill with which a "scaler" (the man who marks the trees to be cut) can estimate in a glance the number of feet a tree will yield, and a "faller" determines, by the first clean strokes of his undercut, exactly the line in which the tree will fall.

In the old days, the lumber camp was chiefly remarkable for dirt, bad food, and isolation. Now, however, the big companies house their men in comfortable buildings; the food is ample and varied with such luxuries as fresh fruits, meats, vegetables, cream, and pastry. Whereas formerly the only diversions in camp (where the lumberjacks stayed six months at a stretch) were drinking and fighting, the present-day camps have radios and movies, and the loggers come and go in their own automobiles.

OLD MAN Littlefork River in Minnesota carried eleven million feet of pine this spring, the last great drive the district is likely to have for fifty years

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FRENCH JITTERS

DIGEST PHOTOS BY J. A. DUCROT

BEHIND FRENCH foreign policy, which so often seems selfish and unreasoned, is a psychological factor not generally appreciated by Americans. It is the cause of most of France's mistakes, including the Treaty of Versailles, but it is a factor over which the government—or even the people themselves—has no control. It is the fear of German invasion.

One of the first invasions of eastern France was a century and a quarter before Christ, when the Teuton Allobroges swept in. Allobroge means "alien," and the word "boche" (or "alboche") is merely a slangy shortening of the older name.

In the last hundred years or so, France has been invaded three times. The first occasion was in 1814-15, and came as a logical consequence of the defeat of Napoleon, who had previously invaded most of Europe. At this point the slate was clean, according to French logic: Napoleon had invaded Germany, German armies had invaded France. But since then France has been invaded twice, and the chances of a new and third onslaught are increasing every day as Hitler musters more and more strength.

It is a prospect likely to give one the jitters. It is no use for the French to pretend that this time they will be able to protect themselves, for they never yet have stopped an invasion, even when they ultimately won the war. Hundreds of thousands live in these repeatedly invaded areas, many have seen one or more previous lootings, all have a personal horror of war. Even to the inhabitants of other parts of the country this fear has been communicated in a realistic, tangible manner through the loss of relatives and friends killed and maimed by invading armies.

In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, for instance, 156,000 Frenchmen were killed, and 143,000 wounded, without ever leaving their own land. In the last war the population of 10 departments in the north and east of France dropped from 6,487,000 in 1911 to 3,671,000 in 1918, a loss of about 44 per cent. Not all of these were killed or wounded, but all were at least uprooted from their homes and forced to flee southward.

In 1913 France was 4th in the production of cast-iron, 5th in steel, but by 1918 these industries had practically ceased to exist because the factories were entirely in

ALSATIAN game-keeper who lost an arm in the last war on the German side, expects to bat this time for France

SURVIVOR of both the 1870 and 1914 invasions, this French peasant-musician expects to survive another

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"C'EST LA VIE!" exclaims a farmer as he wonders whether he will really harvest next year's crop

MACHINE GUN NEST is housed in this innocent little cottage that nestles in the trees along the Franco-German border

German hands, or had been wrecked. In the spinning and weaving industries, 3,508 establishments, each employing more than 20 workmen, had been destroyed; while of 4,351,547 acres of arable land in invaded provinces, 3,758,391 had been so ravaged as to be unusable. The railroads had lost 1,875 miles of track, and 300,000 houses had been partially or completely destroyed.

These are figures that cannot be reasoned away. To the average Frenchman, especially if he lives in one of the northern or eastern provinces, it makes no difference who caused the war or how it came about. All he wants is some guarantee that there will be no repetition of this devastation. Yet every day he can look across the border and see a new and more united Germany rising with the once avowed purpose of some day crushing her southern neighbor. It takes a stoic people like the French peasants to joke and shrug their shoulders over the whole affair, but it is not surprising that underneath this outward calm they and their leaders should have a bad case of nerves.

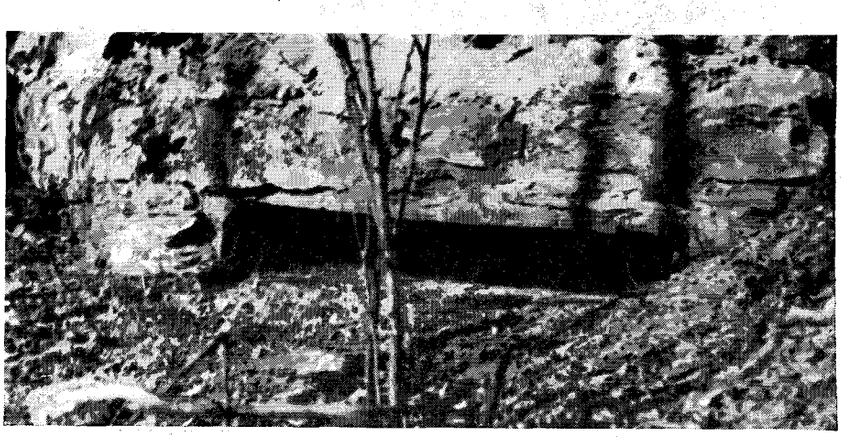
On the German side, Hitler has now a trained army of nearly one million men, with 3,000 planes and thousands of tanks. His country is not torn by political dissensions and labor troubles as is France. True, Germany does not now seem to be making active threats against France, but every Frenchman believes that Blomberg's orientation will follow that of Gneisenau, Moltke and Ludendorff as soon as his war strength has reached the degree that will seem to assure victory.

Meanwhile, France has launched a four-year, billion-dollar plan to increase the air force to 4,000 up-to-date machines, to enlist a sizeable number of specialized professional technicians, to organize four completely mechanized, motorized divisions, to step-up and modernize munitions factories through partial nationalization and to extend the Maginot Line along her entire northern and eastern borders, Belgian and Swiss as well as German.

The Maginot Line is named after a former minister of war, André Maginot, who suggested the plan shortly after the battle of Verdun (1916), in which he took a leading part and where he was wounded. It is made up of a series of underground forts, miniature cities which are entirely self-sufficient for long periods at a stretch. Each houses an army unit, complete with supplies of food and ammunition. From the air they are practically invisible, while even from the ground their presence would not be noted by a casual observer. Here and there, however, is a small narrow slit encased in concrete, from which guns can spit death at a moment's notice. These forts are so close together as to leave no spot unprotected on a line that now stretches along the entire Franco-German border, a distance of 280 miles. When work is completed behind the Belgian and Swiss borders, the line will extend from the Channel to the Alps, a distance of 943 miles. Pillboxes now frown east at Italy. If rebel Franco wins in Spain, similar precaution will probably be taken along the Pyrenees border.

That military men in other countries believe this type of fortification to be almost invincible is proved by the fact that Belgium, Poland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Soviet Russia are spending the huge sums necessary to build them along portions of their own borders. Whether such forts are really invincible is hard to say, but on the face of it they would seem so. To throw mere men, even in tanks, against them would appear to be suicide. To fly any sizeable numbers of men over them and attempt to land an invading army on enemy soil would be an impossibility, especially when confronted with a vast fleet of protecting aircraft.

Yet despite this elaborate border protection, the average Frenchman, and especially the peasant of the north, will shrug his shoulders, give a wry smile, and accept the idea that in a few years he may be uprooted from the peaceful occupations of his land and once again be retreating southward from "nos 'amis' les boches!"
—*Morrill Cody.*



GUN SLIT in the rock is the only outward sign of the powerful underground-fort below

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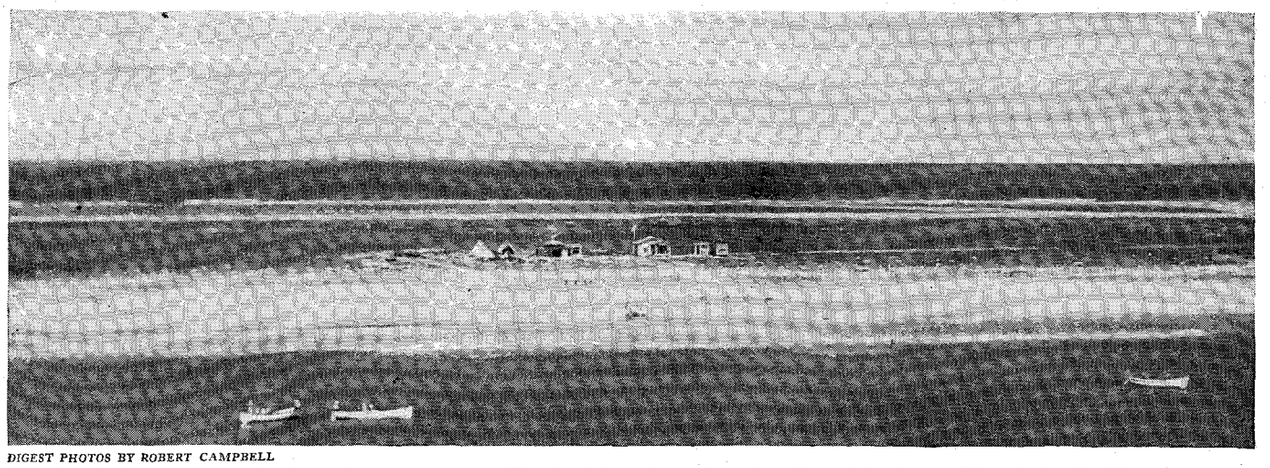


DIGEST PHOTOS BY ROBERT CAMPBELL

DESERT island until two years ago, Howland is only a pinpoint of sand in the middle of the Pacific

Airplane

DURING those anxious weeks of late June and early July of this summer when the eyes of the whole world were following the fruitless search for Amelia Earhart and her navigator, Frank Noonan, the name of Howland Island often appeared in the newspapers. To the average newspaper reader, it was vaguely "one of those islands in the Pacific."

This pinpoint in the Pacific—this Lima bean of an island in the largest of oceans—has a story as bizarre, as adventurous, as ironic, as contradictory as anything in the early novels of H. G. Wells. Imagine a sandspit a mile and a half long and half a mile wide, nowhere more than fifteen feet above sea level, and frequently hidden in the surf's white foam, almost directly on the Equator, nearly 2,000 miles south of Honolulu and 2,400 miles from New Zealand, with nothing but guano, birds, pigweed, rats, burning sun—and the best runways and approaches of any landing field in the world!

Moreover, despite its two miles of perfect runways, built at desperate speed, with the crew working in four shifts under agonizing conditions, no plane has ever landed there!

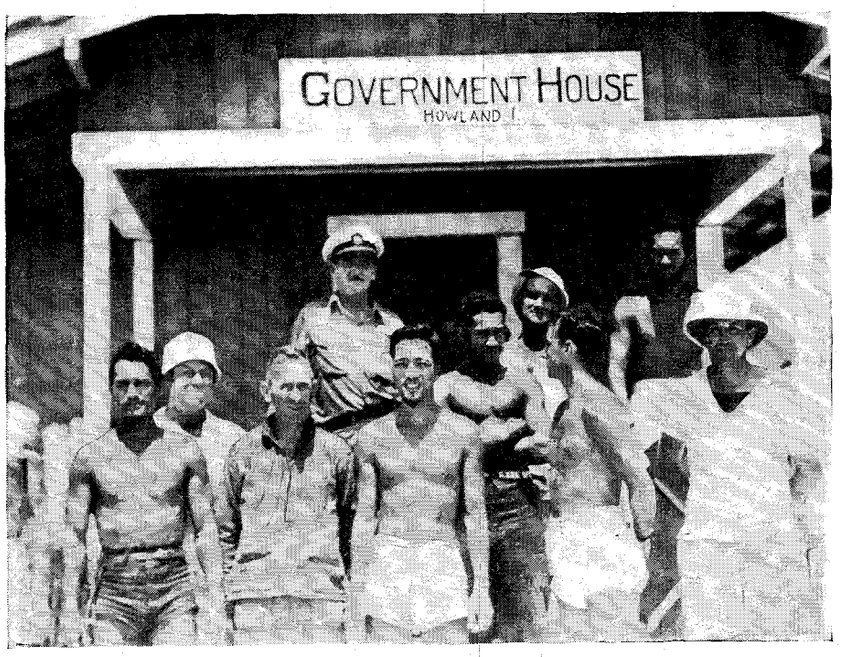
The history of Howland Island is brief. In fact, as far as its present importance goes, it may be said to be only a little more than two years old. For it was two years ago that the United States Department of Commerce took formal possession of Howland Island, together with two other tiny Pacific islands—Baker Island, forty miles to the south across the equator, and Jarvis Island, more than one thousand miles to the east. Howland and Baker Islands lie not only almost exactly on the Equator, but are close to the International Date Line meridian.

It is true, Howland Island was known before as a rich source of guano. In 1842, Captain George E. Necker of New Bedford, searching for guano deposits, came upon Howland Island, and reported its existence, and for thirty some years afterwards the island was visited, much to the annoyance of the thousands of birds—booby, frigate, and tern—that breed there, for its profitable, if unsavory, yield.

With the decline of this industry, due to more efficient means of producing fertilizer, interest in the island died and only a few rough graves are left to mark where New England seaman used to land.

With the development of air commerce, however, the situation of Howland Island on a direct air route between Hawaii and Australia, and possibly between the United States and New Zealand, became obvious to both England and the United States, and almost simultaneously the two countries raced to get possession of the tiny scraps of sand and coral as a base for air commerce or national defense—or both. The United States won the race (by a few days) and in April, 1935, the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Itasca* slipped down from Honolulu to land colonists on each of the three "line islands"—Howland, Baker, and Jarvis. The colonists were boys from the Kamehameha School in Hawaii—four boys to each island—and their job was to take and keep possession for the United States. Since then relays of Hawaiian school-boys have lived there, making meteorological observations and maintaining title for the United States. The first expedition was kept secret, and not until nearly eight months later did the news leak out that the three little islands had been colonized and were indisputably American territory.

On the thirteenth of May in the fol-



BUILDERS of Empire—the four colonists of Howland gather in front of Government House with members of the expedition. Hawaiians, Chinese and other races, but all U. S. citizens

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TRACTORS and all other equipment had to be landed by pontoons through the surf

Island

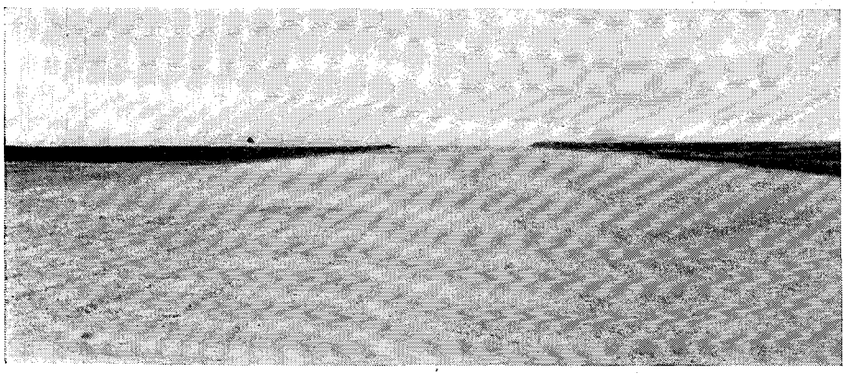
lowing year, Howland, Baker, and Jarvis islands were placed under the Department of the Interior; a few weeks later, an appropriation was made for their administration; and on January 8, 1937, the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *William J. Duane* sailed from Honolulu equipped with men and materials to build an airport on Howland Island under the direction of Robert L. Campbell, the airport expert of the Bureau of Air Commerce.

The expedition was one of those rarities—a triumph of inter-departmental coöperation. From the Army came Captain H. A. Meyer, Procurement Officer, and Lieutenant Charles F. Brown, Air Corps Observer, together with several others. From the Navy came Lieutenant Charles L. Lee and David H. Ellsworth, Naval Photographer. The Department of the Interior contributed You Fai Lum and Bak Sung Kim, student aereologists and radio operators, and laborers as well.

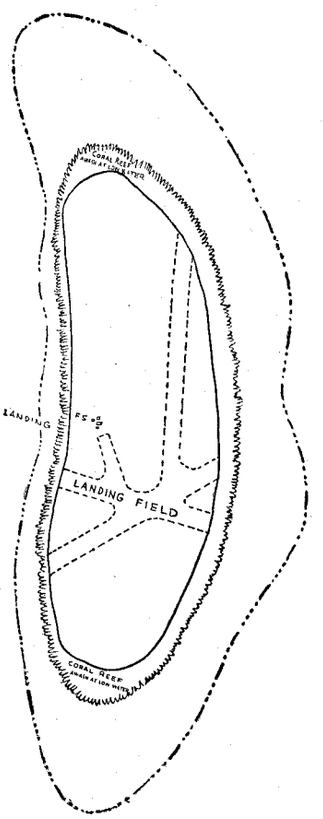
The Department of the Interior, the Army Air Corps, the Navy, and the Works Progress Administration in Hawaii supplied the materials, which included two five-ton tractors, a farm-type harrow, a concrete and steel roller, matlocks, axes, plows, cane knives, a field kitchen, flood lamps, radio transmitting and receiving apparatus, and food and water, together with many other items.

The appalling hazards of the job ahead began with the problem of landing. There is nothing resembling a harbor at Howland Island, and there are plenty of jagged reefs and heavy swells. A large boat can't get within a quarter of a mile of the place. Small boats and pontoons are the only means of getting ashore. It requires little imagination to picture the difficulties of surf-riding a tractor-laden pontoon without mishap. Further complications presented by this remarkably inhospitable isle are the poisonous sea urchins, seaweed, and coral that infest its waters, scars from which many members of the crew will carry for the rest of their lives.

Howland itself is a kind of nightmare. A rim that is six to eight feet higher than the center makes the island into an oblong bowl of sandy soil with outcroppings of coral and everywhere malodorous mounds of guano. (Thirty thousand tons of it is the estimate, which is a large amount for a space that is half a mile by a mile and a half!) The only native vegetation is pigweed, a tough coarse



THREE-POINT landings should not be difficult on this perfect field, but so far no one has tried it



RUNWAYS and little else are to be found on Howland Island. The main one runs north and south

plant, and a few stunted leafless kou trees, although the colonists have planted a few trees. Wild life is represented by thousands of birds that continually do fly in great clouds by night as well as by day. These birds, incidentally, present the greatest danger to the aviator because of their vast numbers and the fact that they are constantly on the wing. The only way to disperse them is by shotgun fire.

Two harmless reptiles, the Gecko lizard and the snake-eyed skink, cause little trouble—but the rats! The loathsome creatures swarm over the island, literally by the thousands. Five hundred to a thousand rats a night were killed by the crew in the following ingenious manner: An oil drum was sunk into the ground, half filled with water with a liberal sprinkling of cracker crumbs, and by morning it was filled to the top with drowned rats. An appetizing before-breakfast ceremony was the pouring of a libation of gasoline over the whole business and setting fire to it. But in spite of this wholesale slaughter there were always more rats. They were everywhere. More than once a man woke up at night to find a rat on his face, licking his lips for particles of food.

To add to the horrors of the working conditions, the smell from the guano was ever present—an intolerable stench made even worse by the tropical sun. Moreover, the guano dust was so poisonous that men had to bathe several times a day to prevent dangerous boils. No rain lays

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POISONOUS coral and seaweed abounding in the water make landing a problem, but the Hawaiians are water-wise

this dust or cools the parched earth, for a strange phenomenon of the island is its lack of rainfall in a region where one would expect rain almost daily. Observers say that rain squalls approaching the island split in two before they reach it, and rain will be seen beating on the ocean on all sides while none falls on the island itself. The only explanation offered for this eccentricity is that possibly it is caused by a column of heated air rising from the hot sand.

Despite the savage natural handicaps of the place, there is some slight evidence of South Sea Islander occupation. There are marks of digging and remains of low flat mounds which may have been the foundations for primitive huts. Traces of footpaths remain, and in 1862 fragments of a canoe, a few bits of bamboo, a blue bead, and a human skeleton were discovered—all that was left to tell of a lonely tragedy.

The waters surrounding Howland Island abound not only with poisonous seaweed and coral, but with edible tropical fish which can be caught with spears. It is clear, however, that without proper equipment, life could not be supported there more than a day or two. The heat, the lack of water, and the ferocious rats are a deadly triumvirate.

The three runways built in the face of such formidable handicaps were made of guano, sand and coral. These materials, packed hard, have all the characteristics of pavement. One runway is 5,200 feet long, another is 3,023 feet long, and a third measures 2,439 feet. Each of them is 150 feet wide. Fifteen thousand cubic feet of soil had to be moved in the course of the construction.

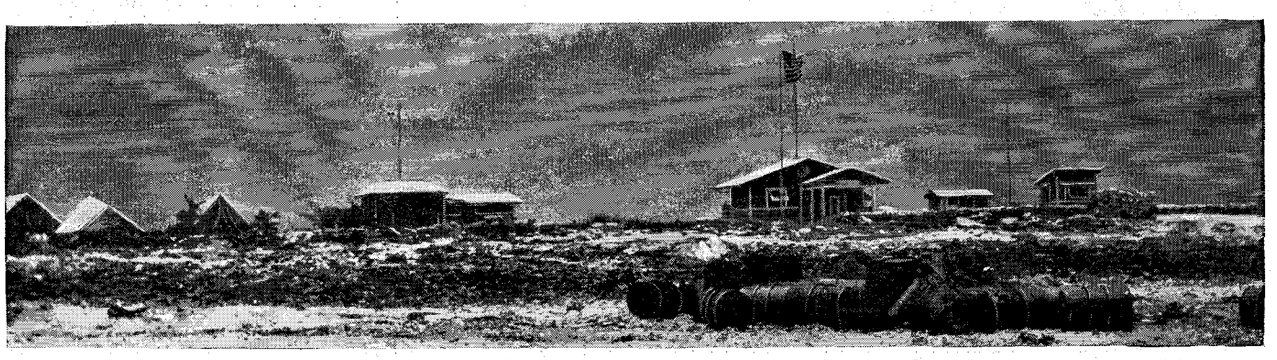
Ironically enough, the airport was rushed to completion in order that Amelia Earhart might land on it in the course of what proved to be, tragically, her last flight. She was scheduled to reach Howland in March, but after her crack-up in Honolulu she changed her route and flew the other way around the island. The very person for whom the airport was finished under such hardships never reached it.

Howland Island was linked with Miss Earhart's name some months later when it was the center of the seventeen-day search for the lost fliers conducted by planes and ships of the United States Navy. During that time four thousand men had an opportunity to familiarize themselves with nearly a quarter of a million square miles of the Pacific Ocean, vast areas of which had never before been flown over by naval planes.

If it seems odd to think that only land planes can land on this ocean airport, you are reminded that there are strong arguments in favor of fast land planes instead of the heavier and slower sea planes for a possible air service to the Antipodes—one of the strongest arguments being the lack of possible airports for re-fueling en route. To be sure Pan American uses giant amphibians on her Honolulu to Manila route, but the mid-ocean airports along the way, on Midway and Wake Islands, are very different affairs from what might be done on the "line islands." Midway and Wake both have central lagoons of sheltered water in which flying boats can land, but no seaplane could come to rest in the savage surf that beats on Howland, Baker and Jarvis.

Meanwhile these three stepping stones —neglected for years, and now, suddenly, solicitously cherished by the United States—stand waiting.

Whether or not they will ever prove practical as airports is still problematical. (Two of them—Howland and Baker—are so near each other that there seems little chance that both would be needed.) It may be that their ancient inhabitants, the birds, will prove too deadly a hazard for propellers' whirling blades. Perhaps their tiny size will ever render them too difficult as targets.



GAS SUPPLIES which Amelia Earhart never used are massed in barrels at the construction camp. Stores of food and water are buried on the island for future visitors

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SCHOOL DAYS

PHOTOS FROM GENDREAU

ON A MONDAY in September, the family routine in thirteen million American homes undergoes a change. Breakfast will be a little earlier, and, for the first time in several months, all the family will be gathered at the table together. The children look unusually clean—Mother has already inspected ears and finger-nails—and the boys look strangely neat with their new hair-cuts and neckties.

Father may possibly make a little speech about hard work and its rewards, and about taking advantage of one's opportunities. He may even refer to his own boyhood and tell about the cows he had to milk before he walked four miles to school. (Father probably doesn't mention the $64.76 which is the average yearly cost of each child's education.)

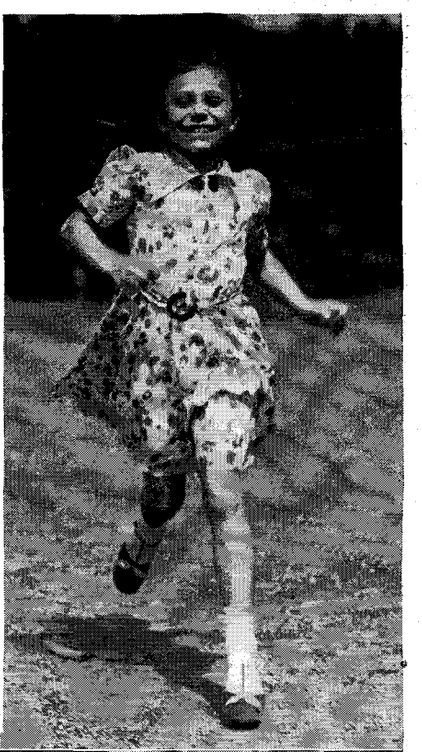
After breakfast, Mother collects the lunch boxes (in those homes where the children do not come home to lunch). The sandwiches are pretty fancy, for she's been reading about recipes lately. After a few weeks she'll revert to the old familiar peanut butter and jelly, but she's starting the new term bravely.

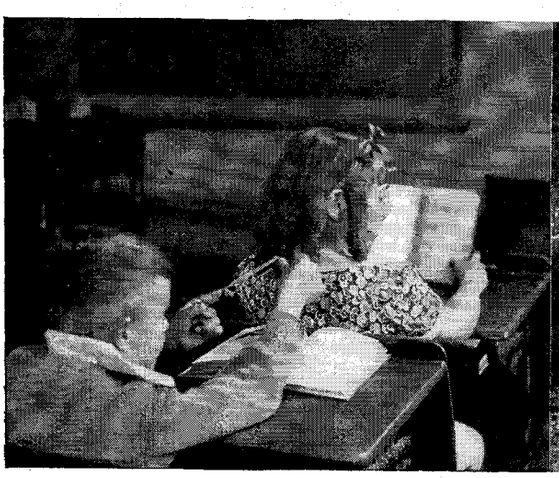
During the morning the house is very quiet. Nobody runs in and out, nobody bangs doors, nobody cries or laughs, nobody says, "What'll I do now, Mom?" She is torn between the luxury of peace and lonesomeness. (It won't be this way every day, for Bill and Jane will attend school, records show, only 145 out of 171 school days.)

At dinner-time the conversation turns on one subject. "Well, what did you learn today?" Father asks. "What's the teacher's name?" Mother wants to know. (This question will be repeated for several days, until the names of the 847,120 teachers become known.)

There won't be much homework the first night, but soon the reading of the evening paper will be punctuated by "Mother, is 'fine' an adjective or an adverb?"—"Dad, will you help me with this problem? —If it takes two men three hours, etc." Evening movies will be taboo except for week ends. There'll be no more waiting up for the Good Humor man. Bedtime comes earlier.

The children have gone back to school.





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PRO — THE RIGHT AND

GIVING *man the chance to escape the duties of life*

IF I CAN choose between a death of torture and one that is simple and easy, why should I not select the latter? As I choose the ship in which I sail, and the house I will inhabit, so I will choose the death by which I will leave life.

In no matter more than in death should we act according to our desire. Why should I endure the agonies of disease, and the cruelties of human tyranny, when I can emancipate myself from all my torments, and shake off every bond? For this reason, but for this alone, life is not an evil—that no one is obliged to live. The lot of man is happy, because no one continues wretched by his fault. If life pleases you, live. If not, you have a right to return whence you came.

—Seneca

WHY HAS NOT a man the right to take his own life? Against this apparently natural right, stand two assumptions: one, that it is cowardly, the other, that it is a sin. The brave man is supposed to endure long, hopeless agony to the bitter end, as an exhibition of courage; the moral man similarly to bear incurable suffering, because to shorten his torment would be wrong.

How much more reasonable is the spirit of the sturdy old country doctor who was found dead in his bed, with a revolver by his side and a brief note: "There's no damn cancer going to get ahead of me!"

Instead of being hardened by such measures of release, we should develop a refinement of tenderness which would shrink with horror at the thought of the suffering and waste we now calmly endure. Death is not an evil when it comes in the course of nature, and when it is administered legitimately it is far less than the evil of unnecessary anguish.

—Charlotte P. Gilman in *Forum*

TO THE Christian, suicide appears as a heinous crime; the followers of Christ seem to have forgotten that if the legend on which their religion was founded were true, Christ would occupy a very prominent place in the annals of suicide. Plenty of men have cut the thread of their own life, but we have no authentic record of any God having done so; it may also be added that we have no authentic record of a God performing any act whatsoever. At all events, if Gods do exist, being eternal and immortal, they cannot commit suicide; but a God being almighty, if he cannot commit suicide he is no more a God; and, on the other hand, if he can commit suicide, he is evidentally no longer a God.

Suicide has been universally approved by all philosophical religions, and has been practiced by some of the most noted men of antiquity.

May the poor wretch to whom life is loathsome, but death full of terrors, calmly, without anger or joy, but with the utmost indifference, cast off the burden of existence.

—Baron Harden Hickey

I HAVE come to believe that the conventional attitude toward suicide is simply part of the social defense mechanism and an unnecessary part at that. As a race we dare not permit a loophole for the belief that life is of any but paramount importance. Yet since we know nothing of what we call death, we might be so fair as to admit at least that we have no basis for comparison.

BROWN BROTHERS

CHARLOTTE P. GILMAN, who ended her own life shortly after writing the passage quoted here

I believe (I am aware that this is nothing new, though too seldom acknowledged) that the desire for death is as potent as the desire for life; only in most persons it lies dormant until the terms offered by life are no longer acceptable. Young people, particularly, often declare they would like to die before a certain age because they do not see how they can bear the conditions which will be presented to them at that time; and comparatively few persons have the wish to live so strongly developed at the expense of the wish to die that they would care to exist forever, to exist for even a hundred years on the only terms available now—ever-decaying faculties, ever-rotting bodies. No honest person but could sympathize with the centenarian who said to reporters, "No—no—not another year. I have lived long enough."

The world need not be so afraid. The vast majority of human beings will so long as the world endures find every concession which they must make to exist, on the whole, preferable to death during at least the span of a normal lifetime. The vast majority want to live so long as it is at all possible. But all of us would wish to die if we lived long enough; and, like Voltaire, we sometimes do not see the necessity (on the part of other persons) for living even the shorter lifetime that is theirs.

—Anonymous in *Harpers*

THE OLD idea that a man who died at his own hands must be carried out and put away like some animal, without ceremony and without mercy, has finally died out.

Just why this modern age should be perpetually and eternally held in bondage to the uncivilized and unholy practices of the past, merely because some antiquated doctrine, tenet or *mores* indicated this, whether in politics or religion, has long been too much of a poser for this writer.

Is this fine young man from whose funeral I have just come to be annihilated by his own act? Is he in realms of darkness and gloom forever? Has he gone to take his abode in that ecclesiastical chamber of horrors called hell?

What sort of a whimsical Creator of the universe would be He, to act in one way towards those who had violently and suddenly come into the unseen, even those who by their hands had wrought the change, and in another way towards those shuffling off this mortal coil by way of fatal illness or other so-called "natural" cause!

—Thomas F. Opie
in *The Churchman*

THE CHIEF comfort of man in his imperfect state is this—that even the deity cannot do all things; for instance, he cannot put himself to death when he pleases, which is the greatest indulgence he has given to man amid the many evils of life.

—Pliny

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WRONG OF SUICIDE — CON

DENYING *a choice of death for those who would flee*

SELF-MURDER is only one degree less criminal than murder of another. In either case the period allowed for terrestrial life is violently cut short, and irreparable injury may be done to a developing personality.

Why should anyone attempt such a thing? Self-injury is unnatural, though in certain moods it is possible. No one can really wish to injure himself, not his essential self. He may mutilate his body, he may try to destroy it, but it must be because he thinks he sees the way to some higher good or some lesser evil. Or he may mistakenly think that he can secure eternal unconsciousness and extermination, and thus end both his joys and sorrows. The idea of getting out of existence may seem attractive, but it is a false attraction; the thing cannot be done.

Bad should be made better, not worse. Live and atone—help others—perform your duties;—those are not counsels of perfection, they are counsels of common sense. Shirk no responsibilities; live your life to the utmost. Oblivion is inaccessible. You cannot attain it. It is selfish as well as futile to wish for it.

—Oliver Lodge in *Fortnightly*

CORPORAL existence which is an essential condition for all successful efforts to attain perfection is also a moral good. The action for preserving this life originates itself from the instinct of self-preservation, which is also an inherent quality of all animals; and itself is not moral. But moral courage and patience make this struggle for existence a moral action. On the contrary, all action impairing human life is decidedly immoral.

—Max Haushofer in *Statistik*

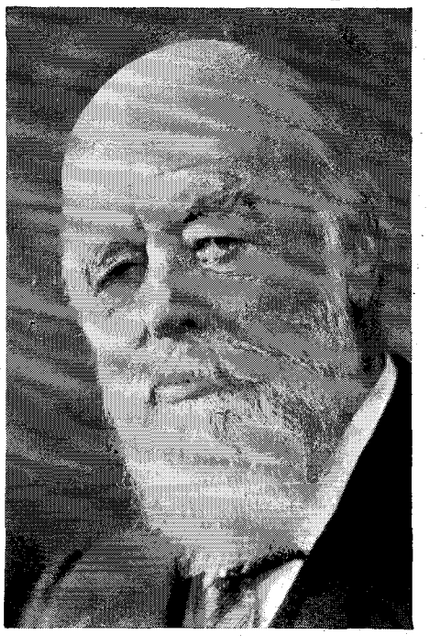
IT SEEMS to me that the group who justify suicide fall into a certain inconsistency, for, though they say that this life is or can be so beautiful as to satisfy the most avid soul, nevertheless they refuse to accept this thing of beauty unless its conditions are to their liking. They apparently feel no obligation to see how beautiful a thing, regardless of circumstances, they themselves can make of their lives. It is not that these people desire to live on the surface of life. They are often the ones most earnestly endeavoring to make the general conditions of living conform more closely to those they consider necessary to dignified existence. With these efforts I am of course in the heartiest of sympathy. I am merely trying to point out that life does not depend for its value on the conditions surrounding it. Even those who believe that it does have not, so far as I have seen, defined those conditions necessary to "honorable living." Nor, indeed, is any definition possible, since the circumstances which one person finds intolerable may well seem to another entirely satisfactory, and certainly in this matter no one spirit is entitled to judge for another.

—M. Bratner Blankenship
in *Atlantic Monthly*

TO DESTROY our own lives is a sin against God. That God is the author of our existence; that he sent us into this world; and that our time and talents, as well as our persons, are his property, are self-evident propositions, which none but an atheist will deny. To suppose that rational and normal creatures, endowed with such capacities, and formed for such activity, could have come into existence by accident, or without any specific destination, is too unreasonable for credulity itself to admit. But if there be a God who made us, who has a right to our services, and whose providence extends to all His creatures and all their actions, there is an end for which we were made, a task which we are bound to accomplish, a term of service which it is our duty to fulfill, and, of course, He alone who placed us here has a right to decide when this task is done, to judge when this term of service ought to close, and, in a word, to dispose of the life and the talents which His power has bestowed.

—Samuel Miller
in *Discourses on Suicide*

WIDE WORLD



SIR OLIVER LODGE, spiritualist, argued against the right to die on the ground that one never does

SUICIDE may be defined as the act of running away from life. The man who commits suicide, for any motive, is essentially abandoning his task and his duty. He is surrendering his sword before the battle is either lost or won. Consciously or unconsciously, nobly or ignobly, he is attempting to shift burdens, evade responsibilities, avoid consequences. The definite thing he does is to step out of the picture. The martyr, in his act of dying, plays a decisive, though tragic role in the drama of life. The whole play may turn upon what he has done. But the suicide leaves the stage, and lets the play go on as best it can without him.

—John Haynes Holmes

THE MAJORITY of suicides seem to have been led to resort to their despairing actions because of their egoistic desire to escape from the present privations of this life. As ordinarily men dislike death, they must undergo a severe mental struggle before resorting to this desperate step. At the same time it must be said that many of them had no courage to face the battle of this life and were too weak-minded to follow the ways of a righteous life. They have thus committed a great immoral and unrighteous action in killing themselves in order to give peace to themselves and in thus causing great suffering to others.

—Totsudo Kato in *Shiseimondai*

SUICIDE is a manifest opposition to the will of God. If I may not shed my neighbor's blood, because he is made in God's image, I may not shed my own; for I too am made in that image.

Murder of any kind is criminal, as on other accounts, so particularly this, that it is contrary to the natural principle of philanthropy and compassion. To murder a friend is more criminal, because to him we are under obligations of gratitude and relationship. To murder a parent or child, husband or wife, is yet more atrocious, because these relatives come nearer to ourselves. Therefore no other species of murder can be so criminal as self-murder, because there is none so near to us, and none for whom we so naturally care, as ourselves.

—Joseph Lathrop
in *Atrocity of Suicide*

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A WEEKLY DIGEST *of the best in print*

READING

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Why Hitler Can't Sleep

From "Liberty"
By René Kraus

HITLER sleeps badly—especially in Berlin. His lungs need the healthy air of the Bavarian mountains; that, at least, is the opinion of his personal physician, Dr. Sauerbruch—a most distinguished medical man, and the one man in Germany who enjoys freedom of speech. He always prescribes a rest in the mountains; so the Führer always has an excuse to escape from Berlin to his "eagle nest," the only spot where he feels reasonably safe. Why run risks, when life is so beautiful—in the daytime?

At night, ghosts walk. Ernst Roehm was Hitler's most intimate friend. He was also a professional soldier, adventurer, libertine, seducer of youth, and government minister. He built up for the Führer those civilian armies of Brown Shirts and Black Shirts with whom the Nazis seized power. A little over a year after they did so, on the 30th of June, 1934, that German night of St. Bartholomew, Hitler had his bosom friend assassinated. A personal bodyguard fired the fatal shots; and he himself, the Führer, stood by, his expression unmoved, while the murder was accomplished.

Since then more than three years have gone by. Out of suspicion of one man, Roehm, who, it seems, wanted to restrict the political power of the Führer, there has grown a suspicion and fear of thousands, millions, nay, the whole world. And yet this fear cannot be called an aberration. In this one matter Hitler's mind seems to function quite normally. Death does lurk in every corner. It can wear any disguise. For a concealed group of men are determined to avenge murder with murder.

These men call themselves Roehm's Revengers. They form the most dangerous secret society of our time. They flocked together from the legions that, after the end of the World War, carried on a small private warfare on all the borders of Germany; also from the bands of freebooters who had put down the Communist disturbances in Saxony and Bavaria. Of their number are the assassins who shot from ambush two of the most hated ministers of the Republic, Rathenau and Erzberger. When they first gathered, noblemen were among them, and officers, peasants, students, unemployed, professional revolutionaries, and idlers.

Roehm's Revengers are not to be tamed. Concentration camps? Death sentences? Executions? What is there about dying to frighten these men? "Drink and you're done for, don't drink and you're done for; so you might as well drink"—those are the words of their favorite toast. It is also their philosophy of life.

At all events, Hitler sees ghosts. Sometimes he also sees the letters R. R., signature of Roehm's Revengers. As if intent on driving him mad, these two letters dog his footsteps. Mail addressed to him always includes correspondence stamped R. R. The initials were once found on a treaty that had been laid before him to be signed. Once they were even stenciled in scarlet ink on the trench coat in which he appears in public.

The only road that leads to Villa Wachenhorst—Hitler's house—is guarded on both sides by specially selected troops. No living being can pass through unnoticed. They inhabit the parks and the corridors, the halls and the rooms of Villa Wachenhorst. They superintend the preparation of the Führer's breakfast; they stand near by when any visitor is received; they search every nook and corner before Hitler retires. And yet, several weeks ago the two letters R. R. glared forth in dazzling red on the wall of his bedroom.

Unpopularity Contest

From "Current History"

IT is interesting to note that in England Mae West and then Charlie Chaplin are the most *unpopular* figures among London cinemagoers.

It was in the answers to the questionnaire sent out by Sidney L. Bernstein, the English picture house magnate, that that fact was discovered. In addition to Mae West, for instance, there were a number of other *disliked* ladies of the screen, to wit: Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, and even Bette Davis.

Among the actors disliked, in addition to Chaplin, are: James Cagney, Ralph Lynn, and Laurel and Hardy.

Among the actresses best liked, for instance, are: Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Shirley Temple, Kay Francis, and Jean Arthur. Among the actors best liked are: Gary Cooper, who heads the list; Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, Robert Taylor, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Franchot Tone, George Arliss, Fredric March, Robert Donat, Leslie Howard, and Fred Astaire.

Since 1932, when a similar questionnaire was issued, Gary Cooper jumped from 27th place to first; Clark Gable, second in 1934, has held his place;

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AROUND THE WORLD

Charles Laughton has advanced from ninth to third place since 1934; Clive Brook has dropped from fourth to 36th; George Arliss from first to eighth; John Boles from sixth to 26th. Maurice Chevalier, fifth in 1932, and Charlie Chaplin, once the leader of them all, are not even among the first fifty.

The sex aspect of the choices is also interesting as a gauge to English cultural opinion in the cinematic field. Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman are popular with both sexes and all ages. Clark Gable is more popular with women under twenty-one and over sixty; 61 per cent of Charles Laughton's followers are men and 89 per cent of Robert Taylor's are women, more than half of them under twenty-one. Oddly enough, Norma Shearer, who heads the list for the third time, is more popular with women than men. Myrna Loy, who jumps from 21st place to second, and Ginger Rogers, are more popular with men than women. It is also surprising to note, in the light of his exceptional popularity in the States, how definitely James Cagney is disliked in England.

Mongolian Air Chief

From "Pravda"
By Ubssan

THE history of Mongolian aviation begins with Shadyr Surun, probably the youngest air veteran of the world, only 27 years old.

In its early days elsewhere, aviation was a sport—a dangerous but fascinating sport. Quite different was the development of Mongolian aviation. It arose from the acute necessity of defending the country from a rapacious and threatening enemy. Aviation in Mongolia is primarily a weapon, and Shadyr Surun—a master of that weapon, a war commander and a member of the High Council—is one of the most popular men in the Mongolian Republic.

The personnel of his air squadron, together with their wives, children and mothers, their automobiles, riding-horses and goats, live in *yurts* (movable Mongolian huts) near the airfield. In their free time, the flyers don their native dress and go for a gallop across the plains. Surun and his family also live in a *yurt*.

Who would think, on seeing the well-groomed young general at his desk, answering frequent phone-calls or giving directions to his chief of staff, that in his early childhood Surun was destined to become a monk? And yet it's the truth. Up to three years ago the old Mongolian law still held good that a family's first-born son must be given to a Buddhist monastery. That law has now been changed. The eldest son must serve as a soldier, and only the third may become a lama.

As a child of five Surun was sold by his parents—according to the wild Mongolian custom of "sharing" children with friends. Surun does not remember his father. But both his own and his adopted mother still live with him in his *yurt*.

In 1926 the future general was only a boy-private attached to the Russian-led flying squadron at Ulan Bator, the capital of Mongolia. The squadron commander personally trained the boy in navigation and the care of motors. In 1932 Shadyr became the first Mongolian flyer, and commander of a training squadron in 1934.

He soon had the opportunity of testing the skill of his native flying force against a dangerous enemy. In March 1936, Japanese invaders attempted to seize part of Outer Mongolia. Flying a fighting-plane, with bombs and machine-guns, Surun was sent to the frontier.

Machine-gunning the enemy, he felt a slight shock in the arm but was so immersed in his work that he hardly noticed it. Flying at a height of seventy feet, with the earth running madly below and bullets whistling around, the flyer had to fire and guide his machine at the same time.

As he returned for a third swoop his head became heavy and something sticky began to flow down his sleeve. The flyer shot his round, then turned the ship and guided it left-handed to a landing field twenty miles in the rear. The plane landed successfully, but Surun had to be carried out. He was sent to a hospital and received a decoration for this exploit.

At his post as commander of the air force, Surun is training future Mongolian flyers. Mongolia, barely arisen from feudalism, is working with fierce energy to defend her independence. She needs trained men, and Air Force Commander Shadyr Surun realizes that.

The Heir Apparent

From "Business Week"

THE President's oldest son, James, is his pride, his hope, his pal. While studying law in Boston University, James announced that he was in training for politics. His voting address is Brookline, Mass., and his political yearnings are toward the land of beans, codfish and erudition. In the face of his father's objections to the Miller-Tydings bill, James told a group of Massachusetts drug-store owners that it would pass.

Since Papa Roosevelt overcame his qualms and made good on Son Roosevelt's promise, Jimmy's name is blessed behind the pill counters of the nation. The eaglet has earned the applause of the drug-store owners for future take-offs into the political welkin.

Here is resounding proof of Jimmy Roosevelt's growing importance in Washington. As secretary to the President, he draws $10,000 a year. So do Steve Early

CARTOON OF THE WEEK—
Whoa now!—*Des Moines Register*

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HOLLAND VIEWS U. S. LEASING OF WARSHIPS TO BRAZIL—Uncle Sam: "Business is business!"—*De Groene Amsterdammer*

and Marvin McIntyre, the other secretaries. Regardless of precedence and the capital's eternal formalities, James has become in fact the ranking member of the secretariat. The No. 1 official in any leader's entourage is he who has the great man's ear. In this case the paternal receiver is sympathetically available not only during office hours but at the breakfast table, in the witching after-dinner digestive period, behind family doors that bar the crass insistences of professional politicians.

Washington already recognizes Jimmy as the head man on handing out jobs. This short-circuits small-time party officials who once were able to worm themselves onto the payroll by following worn trails through the Democratic organization. From the peak of his great personal popularity F.D.R. has often seen fit to ignore these professional panters for the public service. Now "you have to see Jimmy." And many of the faithful are fit to be tied.

Folks whisper that this interference with party discipline is driving Postmaster General Farley loco. But simple souls have not plumbed the sagacity of the master politician. Jimmy Roosevelt is a humble worshipper of the Farley technique. Mr. Farley is extremely fond of Jimmy. His is the attitude of an affectionate sage toward an adoring disciple. Instead of resenting Jimmy's activities, the wily old master makes capital of it.

Suppose two unswerving Democrats of equal importance are equally determined to land a government job with fat pay and dreamy duties. By preferring either, Mr. Farley incites the other's hate. So he lets Jimmy Roosevelt name the winner. He can then say to each of the suppliants:

"Sorry, old man. I did everything I could for you. But the President's son had a man for the place. You know how it is."

James' speeches have life and force even if he does ape the mannerisms of his sire. Over the radio, his voice takes on a satiny texture. Practically all the President's official family have a genuine affection for James. He likes people and likes to do things for them. For all his over-eagerness, he is cautious about acts that might smear his future. He never squirts champagne in the faces of French mayors. Republicans, gnashing their teeth in a jobless darkness, drop gruesome hints.

James and his family inhabit a sedate old red brick house on O Street in Georgetown. It isn't far from that of Jouett (Liberty League) Shouse. Mrs. James Roosevelt is the daughter of Dr. Harvey Cushing, famous surgeon. She is blonde, slender, reserved, competent. Both F.D.R. and his wife are extremely fond of her. In the frequent absences of the first lady, Mrs. Jimmy is the White House hostess to celebrities.

Keep an eye on the James Roosevelts. They are going places.

Bargains in Old Bones

From "Coronet"

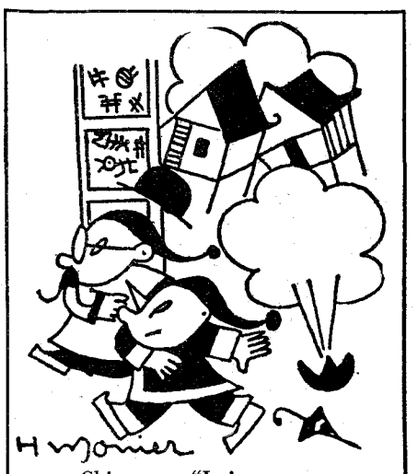
By Creighton Peet

A couple of years ago the American Museum of Natural History in New York received an urgent letter from a man in Peru who said he had captured a strange monster which he was willing to sell for $30,000. He enclosed a minute description of his find and waited impatiently. Receiving no answer, he wrote again and again, insisting that the $30,000 be forwarded immediately because his pet was now tied up down at the local railway station and eating its head off and costing plenty. Still the museum authorities sent no check, only a polite note thanking the intrepid hunter but declining his valued offer. The reason for this was that the description of his find, which followed closely the wording in an encyclopedia, clearly indicated that he had a glyptodon, the giant armadillo which has not been seen for the last 25,000 years.

He was a naïve fake, of course, but every year scores of perfectly sincere farmers, students, building contractors, cowboys, hunters and mine superintendents hopefully lug sacks, boxes, and automobile loads of old rock and bones to scientific authorities for appraisal. Because museums back elaborate expeditions to all parts of the world, they feel that their finds should be worth money—a lot of money.

But about one out of a hundred amateur paleontologists has something of real value. To be of value in scientific work, fossils—which look and feel pretty much like ordinary stones to the layman—must be "authenticated." That is, they must be accompanied by a minute description of the locality and strata in which they were found. A "funny-looking stone" passing from hand to hand may travel thousands of miles before it reaches anyone curious enough to submit it to scientific examination. So very often amateur finds are worthless by the time they reach a museum. About the highest sum ever paid an amateur fossil hunter was $2,000 for a carefully excavated group of bones. The average reward for a genuine mammoth tooth or dinosaur bone or saber-tooth tiger jaw is only about $15-20.

You might think paleontology was a pretty remote and uninteresting science, but thanks to a couple of movies—*The Lost World* in 1925, and *King Kong* in 1933, and a half-dozen comic strips presenting moderately accurate representations of prehistoric monsters every few days, lots of people, including kids taking geography and elementary courses in geology, keep an eye peeled for old dinosaur bones lying around loose in vacant



Chinaman: "It is our own fault for inventing gunpowder."—*L'Oeuvre, Paris*

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lots, excavations or farm lands. As a rule their chances of making a find are pretty bad—and yet only a few years ago a handful of mastodon bones turned up at 242nd Street in New York City when a steam shovel was excavating for an apartment house.

Sometimes people ship in quite heavy exhibits from distant points and then indignantly demand that they be returned immediately when the museum declares them to be worthless, or fails to come up with the required cash settlement. This may prove very trying, as in the case of the lady in the Middle West who carefully bedded an ordinary granite boulder in excelsior and sent it to a museum by express. When the museum protested that her find was worthless she was pretty hurt about it, but refused to answer any questions as to what should be done with her property. Then, ten years later, the woman having died, her heirs brought suit against the museum for having "stolen" a valuable fossil. By this time the boulder had been thrown out, and the authorities had some little trouble proving they were right. Since then nothing has ever been thrown away without the owner's consent in writing, even if it is only a T-bone from a twenty-year-old steak.

Queen of England's Castle

From "L'Echo de Paris"

By Maurice Muret

GLAMIS is often mentioned nowadays in the society columns of British papers. It is a name full of romantic memories.

It was in the castle of Glamis, ten miles north of Dundee, in a country of lakes and heather, that Queen Elizabeth, the wife of King George VI, grew up. While still a prince, George married the daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore, who owns that legendary castle.

It is in Glamis, of course, that King Duncan is murdered in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*. That scene has no basis in fact, but it has been established that Glamis is one of the oldest castles in Europe and many hair-raising episodes have actually occured there.

The central portion of the castle, which still stands, dates from the year 1016. Most of the structure is built of red granite, which has turned gray in the course of time. The walls are incredibly solid. Some of them are sixteen feet thick. They contain secret chambers connected by secret stairways, some of which are unknown. Two secret stairways have been discovered in the past fifty years.

Of all these secret chambers there is one which may be called *the* secret chamber. Only three people are supposed to know its location. They are the owner of the castle, his son and heir, who is informed of the secret on the day when he becomes of age, and a third person in the confidence of both.

There are many rumors about this secret chamber. Some of the inhabitants around Glamis assert that it contains a monster, tended by the Earls of Strathmore for generations.

Probably this legend and others of like nature have arisen from a historical fact. Exactly four hundred years ago, on July 17, 1537, a lady of Glamis famous for her beauty was burned in Edinburgh as a witch.

The castle is peaceful now, and its royal owners are the first to smile at those old legends. But the rumors still circulate all the same, and, ever since Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, Glamis Castle has been the object of intense interest.

"These infernal Chinese. How dare they defend themselves!"
—Glasgow Evening Times

Ballet on Bunker Hill

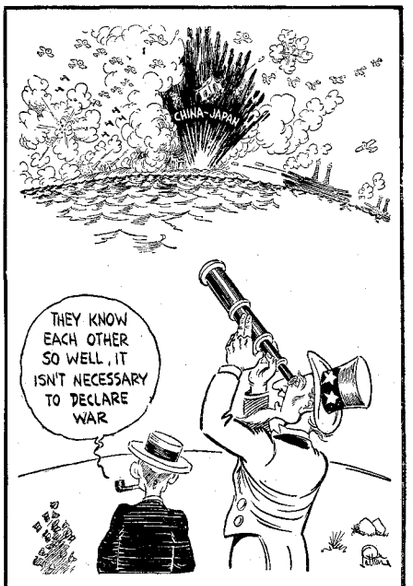
From "The American Dancer"

By Lillian Moore

AMONG the official documents which repose in state in the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument there is—if tradition be correct—one small and dainty pair of pink satin ballet slippers. They were placed there nearly a century ago, as a permanent remembrance of the generosity of one of the greatest dancers the world has ever known, Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler.

When "the Divine Fanny" decided to conquer new worlds in the strange and savage wilds of distant America, she already had a long and brilliant career behind her. It had begun in Vienna some twenty years earlier, and continued with increasing success through Italy, Germany, England and France, where her performances at the Paris Opera made ballet history. Her *Cachucha* was as famous in her time as Pavlova's *Swan* has been in ours.

Her arrival in New York was considered an event of the importance which is today accorded only to gang kidnapings and bathtub murders. Her appearances at the Park Theatre were sensationally successful, and saved the manager from bankruptcy, while her presence



Their good neighbor policy.—*The Dallas Journal*

in a box on the evenings when she was not dancing was an attraction sufficient to insure a crowded house. On these latter occasions she was frequently escorted by "Prince" John Van Buren, son of the President of the United States.

When Fanny danced in Washington, the Senate was closed on nights when she appeared, because it would have been impossible to obtain a quorum. After a performance in Baltimore, some fashionable young men-about-town unhitched the horses from her carriage, put themselves in harness and pulled the flower-laden vehicle through the streets to the doors of her hotel, where they serenaded her until the small hours of the morning. Her arrival in Richmond was heralded by tolling bells and booming cannon.

All this extravagant adulation of "a foreign opera-dancer" caused considerable comment in the press of the nation.

The center of the maelstrom of controversy which raged about Fanny where she went was, strangely enough, conservative Boston.

During this engagement there occurred an incident which has since become famous. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller were attending a performance of Elssler's, and both were entranced by the revelation of beauty inherent in the dancer's supreme mastery of her art. "Ralph," said Miss Fuller, "this is poetry." "No, Margaret," he replied, "it is religion."

Fanny, meanwhile, continued her triumphant progress through the United States—a progress which was marked everywhere by a violent disease contemporaneously known as *Fannyelsslermaniaphobia*, which manifested itself in Elssler scarfs, silks and ribbons, Elssler hats, Elssler cuffs, Elssler bootjacks, Elssler jewelry, and even oysters *à la Elssler*. Fanny never forgot Boston, and long

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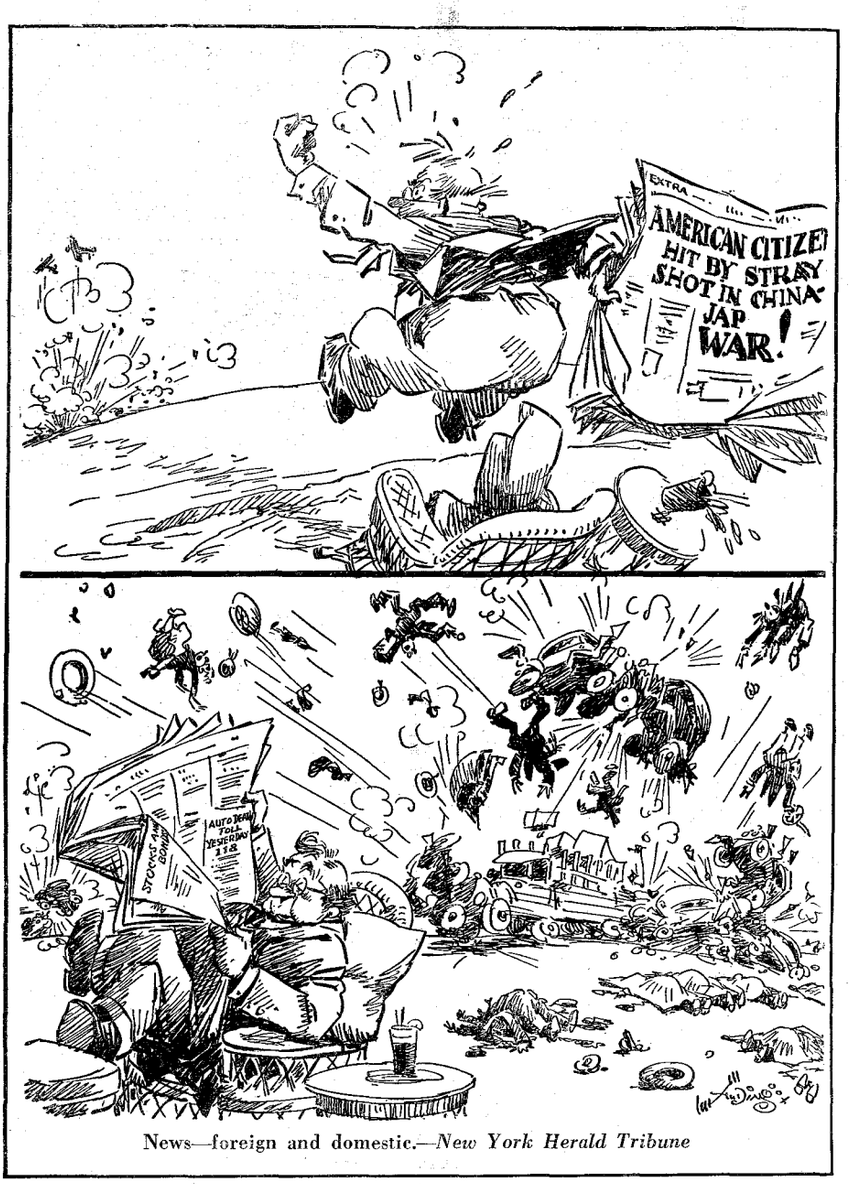

News—foreign and domestic.—*New York Herald Tribune*

after her retirement from the stage she admitted that she held it most dear of all the American cities in which she had danced.

Genuine Ghost Ship

From "The Passing Show"

By Francis Dickie

THE *Baychimo* has appeared again—a phantom ship, yet in reality the only vessel in all the tremendously dramatic history of the western Arctic to defy the ice pack and escape destruction for more than six years.

Since men first sailed the sea, "ghost" ships have been common talk among sailors of all nations. Of all the stories relating to this class of vessel, the best known centers around the *Flying Dutchman.* But she was a ship that sailed only in men's imagination. The Dutch version describes how the *Flying Dutchman* plies forever around the Cape of Good Hope, but can never come to port, as a punishment on its commander for blasphemy. The German version tells of a helmless vessel carrying a mad captain dicing with the devil, his soul the stake, until Judgment Day.

There is also that modern South Sea legend of the occasional reappearance of a German war vessel sunk during the Great War.

But the *Flying Dutchman* never existed. And *we know* that iron-clad cruisers, once sent to the bottom, never rise again.

The *Baychimo* is in a class all by herself. She is no creation of fantasy. She is, in short, the only authentic "ghost" ship fully living up to all requirements of the "profession" that the world has ever seen. And her story is one far more interesting and baffling than any other previous entry in "ghost" ship annals.

Thirteen hundred tons of steel, the *Baychimo* was the crack ship of the Hudson's Bay Company's northern fleet, and the second of two vessels sent to open to steam navigation the vast and tremendously difficult trading-territory bordering on Beaufort Sea and the end of the northwest passage toward the Pacific.

Sailing out of her home port, Vancouver, Canada, in the first week of July, 1931, the *Baychimo* made her usual nervously hasty passage of the Pacific, through Behring Strait and Beaufort Sea. The same feverish night and day labors of the crew, assisted by Eskimos, proceeded under the long light of the unsetting sun. The shores of little-known Victoria Land, immense *terra incognita,* marked the end of the eastward journeying. With a million dollars in bundled fur, the ship turned her nose toward Vancouver.

But the polar pack, like a live thing, furious and vindictive at being balked so often, was waiting, moving down earlier than in many seasons. In a blinding blizzard, on October 1, the polar pack closed around the staunch old ship.

So threatening were the conditions, that Captain Cornwall established a base on safer ice nearer the shore and about half a mile from the steamer.

A blinding blizzard held the men within their shelter for two days at the end of November. When they emerged, the ship was gone. A 1,300-ton steel steamer had been wafted away and aboard the steamer was a million dollars in fur. From the Captain's wide knowledge of ice conditions, he knew the ship had not been smashed up and foundered.

The ship was now definitely abandoned. It was the experience of every man familiar with the Arctic that no vessel, and particularly one so huge as the *Baychimo,* could escape being crushed in the awful chaos of ever-shifting, countless tons of ice.

Thus it was with almost unbelieving eyes that, five months later, a daring Arctic youth, Leslie Melvin, came upon the ship in the ice close inshore several hundred miles from Herschel Island. Melvin was alone on a 3,000-mile dog-team journey from Herschel Island to Nome, and was travelling light. So he did not salvage anything of value.

However, even this view of the as yet infant "ghost" ship did not change the certainty of all experienced men that she would be seen no more. Yet the *Baychimo* was seen moving slowly northward with the drifting pack in August, 1932. During that summer Eskimos sighted her several times.

The schooner *Trader* came upon the ship in August of the next year. She was now truly a *"ghost"* ship, the first of her kind in the Arctic.

It is as though some phantom steersman infinitely wise to ice conditions came aboard on that October day in 1931, when her regular commander and crew took to the ice. This "ghost" ship under "his" guidance performed the impossible, the incredible—defied the inexorable crushing power of the polar pack and

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moved back and forth across the icy waste over thousands of miles.

Japan's Army Entertains

From "A Wanderer Till I Die"

By Leonard Clark

"You are detained!" exclaimed the Japanese Immigration Officer.

"But . . ." I began trying to gather my wits, "Kobe police have no jurisdiction, as yet, on this ship."

"The Kobe police are not detaining you. His Majesty's Imperial Government is detaining you . . . for investigation!"

"That sheds a new light on things," I said, wondering what the fuss was about, "will you join me in a cigarette?"

"Thank you, yes." The officer bowed three times.

A Navy cutter soon drew up in a swinging curve to the gangplank of the anchored ship. Within the cutter's cabin were three officers in immaculate blue serge. They rose from their seats.

"How do you do, gentlemen?"

They bowed and smiled in unison, "How do you do?"

The throttle opened. I steadied myself. With a roar the bow raised, and we pounded over the Inland Sea. I was doing some fast thinking. I knew that every Caucasian in the Far East—India excepted—is catalogued in Tokyo. Three times in Shanghai I had found Chinese boys in my rooms, taking notes or reading letters. I hardly believed that Tokyo was concerned with such small fry as myself.

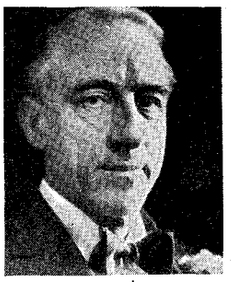
The cutter flattened out and came up to a landing-stage. Beyond, in the street, was a black sedan. Two army officers stepped out of the car, and waited on the sidewalk. My bag was stowed in the car. I bowed to the naval officers. They bowed. The two army officers bowed to me, then to the naval officers. We all bowed together. Knowing that bachelor's buttons are prone to give way under unnecessary

Will history repeat itself?
—*Lewiston Tribune, Idaho*

RAIN OR SHINE

R-122

Success



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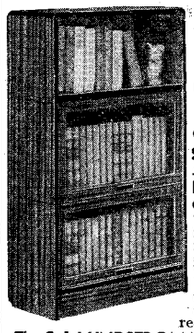

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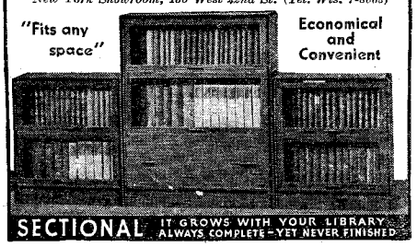

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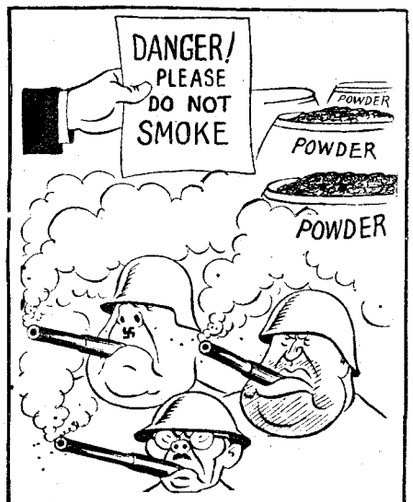

In the powder mill—The trio: "That does not concern us—we cannot read."—*Izvestia, Moscow*

strain, and knowing mine from long association, I withdrew and stepped into the automobile.

At the far end of an extensive but barrack-plain office sat a heavy man in white uniform. His head was shaven, his moustache bristled. The only decorations of his severe uniform were epaulets made of metal.

One of the officers stepped forward; saluted smartly. The short heavy Chief stood up and bowed three times. Which I acknowledged with a short American bow. A chair was placed for me near his desk. A Japanese wearing bone-rimmed glasses began an interrogation:

"Mr. Clark . . ." he began precisely, "you have recently flown for the Chinese Army?"

Parrying for time, I said, "I was not aware that there was a *Chinese Army.*"

"But . . . you have flown in *A* Chinese Army?"

"Perhaps."

"In what military engagements have you been active?"

"In none concerning the Japanese War Minister."

The moustachios, across the desk, bristled.

"Were you assisting General Tsa Ting-kai, in his Shanghai campaign?"

"I was in Shanghai on a pleasure trip just prior to the attack, and left almost immediately."

"Were you one of the sixteen foreigners engaged against Japan during our advance south of the Wall?"

"No . . . but I happen to know that all sixteen were killed, in various ways, before they could get out of China."

In a moment he replied, "Splendid! We had accounted for all but . . . one!" He hesitated, "The *tuechans* did away with them so that no money would have to be paid."

"I know it."

"You have dropped aerial bombs on Japanese soldiers—?"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I have not."

"We have in our possession the original draft of the article written by yourself for the *Canton Sun.* We regret that this was not printed," he fairly beamed. "Please proceed with further information, concerning personnel, airplane specifications, and effectiveness in photography, radio artillery-direction from the air, and pursuit."

I said, "I have forgotten where and under what conditions the pilots are trained."

A quick translation. The Chief began tapping on his desk-top. His eyes never left mine.

"But you say in the *Sun* article that planes at Lunghwa Airdrome were Curtiss Hawk Pursuit planes, with 600-H.P. engines, and armed with Browning guns firing through the propeller and lower wing!"

"Oh yes, that was an exception, or it may have been a typographical error. As for the other planes—when an enemy ship gets on a Chinese airman's tail, he just tosses out a special hand grenade having a small parachute attached to it."

The Chief's fingers tapped faster and faster.

". . . The parachute extends and so holds the grenade from descending rapidly, letting the enemy pursuit plane dive into attack position. The result is, as you gentlemen can readily see, disastrous to the attacker!"

For a full half minute, the only sound after the translation was the "tap, tap, tap" of the long fingers on the desk top. The other three officers present stiffened to stone. The Chief sat with a mouth and chin of granite, eyes almost closed. I wondered if he had fallen asleep, when the faintest twinkle slowly appeared somewhere within the nearly closed lids. Although the chin and mouth did not change, I knew that the old *samurai* was amused. Presently he spoke; the interpreter relayed precisely, "You are no longer detained by the War Office." (Funk and Wagnalls Co., $3.00)

2,000,000 Sneezers

From "The New York Times"

When Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked how hay fever could be cured he replied, "Gravel is an effectual remedy; it should be taken eight feet deep." There are better recipes now, though it is idle to pretend that an affliction which makes life miserable for at least 2,000,000 at this season of the year has been vanquished. For a blessed hour or two a sneezer, cougher or weeper may find relief in an air-conditioned motion-picture theatre or restaurant. The one immediately effective remedy is ignominious flight to the pollen-free mountain and sea.

There are patients enough in hospitals who boast of their ulcers and pride

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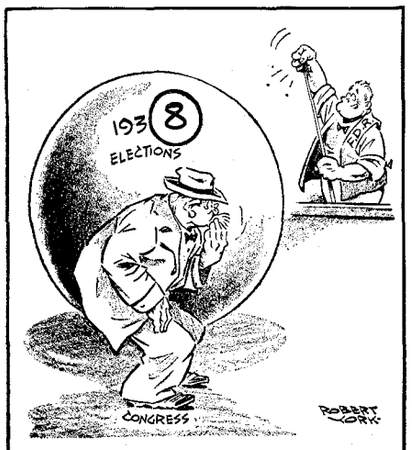
themselves on the major operations to which their lives and lights have been subjected. But there is no disease like hay fever to breed conversation and make pathologic brothers of men. Victims gather on porches to discuss symptoms and cures and to utter maledictions on the ragweed pollen. There are even hay fever societies here and abroad. When "The Last Rose of Summer" is sung their members cheer. To them the red trees of autumn are the banners of salvation.

It was John Bostock, an English physician, who put hay fever on the medical map, and this because he was afflicted himself. He set down his symptoms in such detail in 1819 that he became in a sense the discoverer of hay fever. To be sure, men had sneezed, coughed and wept in the pollen season centuries and centuries before him. But they had also writhed with the pain of swollen appendices and of arthritis or died of typhoid without knowing exactly what it was that ailed them. Bostock described hay fever so that any medico could recognize it.

It was a contemporary of his, inquiring John Elliotson, who traced the cause of hay fever to grass pollen. He discovered that dust of different kinds (dandruff and particles of rabbits' fur) made some people sneeze and cry. Now scores of idiosyncrasies are classed as allergic and traced to such widely separated agencies as lobsters and feathers, pollen and silk, to the relief of ten million sensitives.

The man who pushes a dish of oatmeal away from him or must bathe only in tepid water is no longer just an unobjectionable eccentric. Medicine turns an understanding eye upon him, recognizes him as an allergic and proceeds to make life pleasanter for him with the aid of one of a hundred different serums, made from pollen and other allergic agents. Nose sprays and empiricism have given way to science, with success recorded in about half the cases. Inoculation takes the place of recommending a facetious burial under eight feet of gravel.



Behind the eight ball.
—The Louisville Times

Reforming Our Cities

From "Machine Politics: Chicago Model"

By Harold F. Gosnell

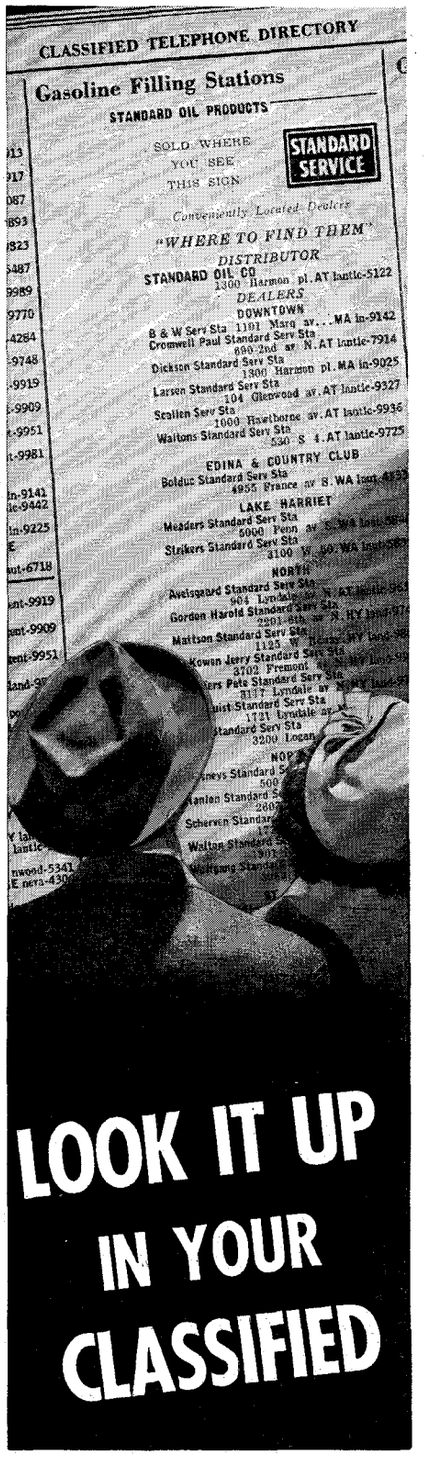
If democracy is to survive in troublesome times like the present, it will have to have a firmer foundation than the cohesive power of public plunder. Too often the methods employed by party machines to finance their various activities have given rise to the charge that our democracy is a demagogic plutocracy. As long as the parties rely upon contributions from business men who are seeking special favors, criminal elements which are seeking protection against interference on the part of the law-enforcing authorities, and office-holders who regard their loyalty to the party above that to the state, cynicism regarding the electoral process will be widespread.

The power of money in American municipal politics could be regulated to a much greater extent than it is at present. The floodlight of publicity, before and after elections, regarding the source of campaign funds and election expenditures, such as the hiring of party workers and watchers on election day, has reduced the size of the machine vote where it has been tried. Many of the states have inadequate corrupt-practices acts, and Illinois is one of the states which has no law regulating the use of money in elections.

Legal regulations are necessary in the fight against the spoilsmen, but they are not sufficient. The American constitutional system is such that it has tended to inculcate a legalistic mode of thinking about social problems. We have had a naïve faith in the power of legislation to change our habits and keep us good. The colossal failure of the "noble experiment" with the constitutional prohibition of the manufacture, sale and transportation of alcoholic beverages has, to some extent, shattered this faith.

Laws which run contrary to the *mores* of an important element of the population can be enforced only at a social cost which is prohibitive. On the other hand, a legal device designed to purify politics is workable only if someone is concerned with seeing that it does work.

If the struggle against the party machine is to be successful, more democratic methods for financing political campaigns must be devised, local parties dedicated to the ideal of voluntary precinct work must be organized, and the citizens must be educated to demand services of the government rather than special favors from the politicians. That all of these things are possible to achieve in the present generation has been demonstrated by a number of cities, American and European. The will to start has been lacking in some places. (University of Chicago Press, $2.50)



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MOVIE of the WEEK

1. VETSERA (Danielle Darrieux) prays for love of the Archduke

2. ARCHDUKE Rudolph (Charles Boyer) dreams of little Vetsera

3. EMPEROR Franz Joseph delivers his ultimatum

4. DEFIANCE as Rudolph presents Vetsera to the Emperor

Mayerling

Two dead lovers, shot by bullets in the bedroom of an Austrian hunting-lodge, inspire another reconstruction of the most celebrated unsolved tragedy in modern European history. The mysterious double death of Baroness Marie Vetsera and Archduke Rudolph, son of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria and Heir Apparent to the Hapsburg throne, has sent many a writer flying for paper to set down his version of the event. Now comes the French film, *Mayerling,* released with English subtitles in this country by Pax Films, to add its solution to the mass of conflicting plays, stories and newspaper accounts.

The known facts are a natural for what is usually called great drama—the inevitable kind of tragedy that has moved audiences since the days of Sophocles and Aristotle: A man of high station, bound by hereditary destiny to fill a certain rigid position, falls deeply and irrevocably in love with a girl outside the narrow limits of his prescribed conduct. He is thirty, dangerously liberal in his political views, a prince and a fairy-tale Prince Charming in appearance. She is just eighteen, ravishingly beautiful and, though a member of the aristocracy, positively forbidden fruit for royalty.

History reports both the Crown and her family were decisively opposed to the flagrant liaison. Early in the cold, bleak morning of January 30, 1889, a servant at Mayerling, the royal hunting-lodge in the Black Forest, heard two shots. Tracing the sound to its source, he found Archduke Rudolph and the Baroness Vetsera dead. A pistol lay nearby. No more is known.

5. PAUSE as Rudolph kisses the dead Vetsera

The film opens with the gloominess of the Court and the orgies of the Heir Apparent—orgies which relieve him for a moment from the awful boredom of his life. Then, suddenly, on a spring day in the park, he meets Vetsera. It is like sparkling April water. Their pathetic stolen meetings are cut short when her mother, suspecting something, sends her away. Rudolph, mad with loneliness, sinks back to his orgies. Realizing there is nothing for him but this young girl, he requests the Pope to grant a divorce from the Archduchess Stephanie. The Emperor finds out; he gives Rudolph twenty-four hours to stop the affair forever. In that day they find perfect happiness. Vetsera asks only that he end it while she sleeps. At dawn of the second day he shoots her, then kills himself.

Mlle. Darrieux is on her way to Hollywood. One can only hope fervently that they will refrain from butchering one of the most delicate, sensitive performers the screen has discovered. Her talent demands the subtle treatment that director Anatole Litvak gives the film.

Mayerling may seem slow to Americans. French pictures are paced differently from ours. There is little rushing about. Yet I feel that its brilliantly restrained direction, its beautiful photography, and its thoughtful performances make it one of the most compelling love stories the cinema has produced.—*Donita Ferguson*

ALSO—

That Certain Woman (Warner)—More mother love. Hopelessly implausible plot manages to sustain interest because Bette Davis is the gangster's widow who wants to lead a decent life: *i.e.,* live happily ever after with Henry Fonda and their baby. Crammed with the crushing blows Miss Davis always takes.

Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)—Sonja Henie ice musical. Tops her debut film, thanks to skiing scenes made at Mount Rainier, Tyrone Power as love interest, butler Arthur Treacher, Mr. Micawberesque Raymond Walburn, villain Alan Hale, and comedienne Joan Davis. Three tremendous ice ballets point up Miss Henie's miraculous solo pirouettes.

Varsity Show (Warner)—Musical. Steer clear of the first hour and three quarters. Last fifteen minutes has some good singing of famous college songs. Dick Powell, Ted Healy, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.

Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox)—Musical melodrama. Steer clear again—in spite of Loretta Young, Don Ameche, and the harmonicas of Borrah Minevitch and his gang.

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Keys to life and death

MOLECULES which dominate life's many chemical reactions, even those finally leading to old age and death—in such strange substances the interest of chemists was most intense as the American Chemical Society met last week at Rochester, New York.

New discoveries concerning these novel keys bring us steadily nearer to the most obscure secret of animate existence: how molecules, which are chains and webs made of atoms, can coöperate to make a living being.

The secret of life has long been thought hidden in the endless complexity of proteins, of which albumin, the main component of egg-white, is an example. And it is an old theory that special proteins, known as enzymes, are dictators over their fellow molecules and so control all the phenomena of life: hence may be called the keys to life and death.

Yet proof of the exact nature of enzymes has only recently been gained. Only recently have enzymes been secured in the pure state—as crystals of notable beauty. Analysis, thus made possible, shows that these mysterious substances are indeed proteins—huge and extremely complex arrangements of atoms. And only in the past few months have biochemists and chemists generally begun to realize that the genes which determine heredity, that the viruses of our most fearful plagues, that important causes of cancer's over-rapid production of tissue, that Nature's smallest, queerest parasites, the invisible *phages*, which attack and dissolve microbes—that all these are proteins, and, besides, enzyme proteins.

Enzymes have unusual powers. Some, like pepsin of the stomach's gastric juice, crack other proteins into simpler molecules. More enzymes fit these bits together to create the living material—new protein, its chemical structure depending upon the organ, such as heart or brain, in which it plays its role. Still other enzymes enable living flesh to burn foods as fuels to yield energy.

And some grand system of enzymes somehow provides our worlds of sensation and consciousness.

Advance in the understanding of proteins and protein enzymes is swifter now, since the development of the ultra-centrifuge, a sort of glorified cream-separator. This whirligig, made to spin at astonishing speed—100,000 revolutions per minute—slings the big, heavy protein molecules free and pure of contaminating substance, just as the heavier milk is slung free of the cream in a cream-separator. By means of this device, enzymes, though extraordinarily fragile, are obtained unhurt by the harsh reagents once the only means of isolating one type of molecule from thousands of other contaminating particles.

As such studies increase our knowledge of the body's stupendously complicated machinery, and particularly of the regulators of this machinery, are we to suspect that scientists in their less conservative moods are weighing the possibilities of creating life in the test tube? The mazes of enzyme activity are utterly baffling—may for centuries keep our best investigators muddled. Frankensteins will not soon walk the streets.

Energy from green

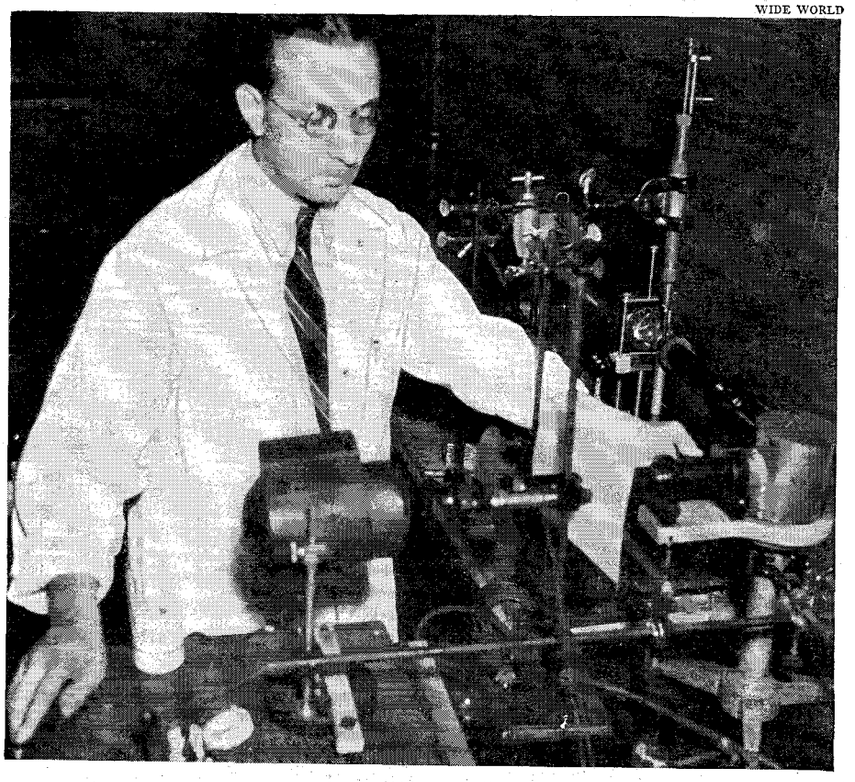
ANOTHER great present research of chemists, also in life's realm, would solve the mystery of the upbuilding of energy-full substances by green plants.

The source of plant, animal and human food, and of our huge stores of coal and oil, is photosynthesis. In this process, vegetation uses its green pigment, chlorophyl, to absorb solar radiance and with this energy knits together carbon dioxide from the air and water from the soil, to make sugar. This manufacture the green tissue does so efficiently and with such apparent ease that men have been intrigued from prehistoric time. Sugar is the starting point for the synthesis of the whole system of life compounds.

Chemists are today the more intrigued because of modern gains in the attack upon the chemistry of chlorophyl, and because they see in the solution of the whole mystery a boundless supply of cheap energy—in the light of present scientific understanding, an energy supply far more likely to be realized than the physicist's hope for power from the atom's core.

Chlorophyl has turned out to be a mixture of two compounds, each a remarkable organization of atoms. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of these compounds is their suggestively close similarity to the red pigment, hemoglobin, of human blood. A great but still unguessed relationship is suggested. It is believed that chlorophyl's activity resembles that of hemoglobin, which carries oxygen to our tissues. And no researcher doubts that when the chemistry of green pigment chlorophyl is known, the chemistry of the red pigment of our blood will also be clear. So runs creation's unity.

WIDE WORLD



DR. KURT STERN of Yale makes a reacting enzyme absorb light rays—one step in his epoch-making proof that an enzyme may regulate the behavior of its fellow molecules by uniting with them

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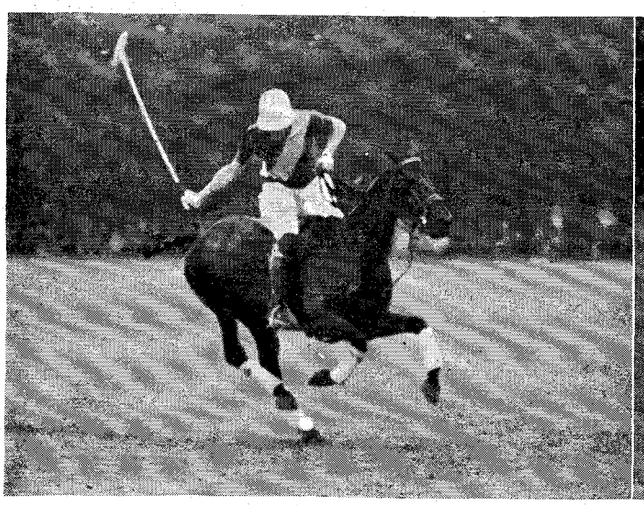
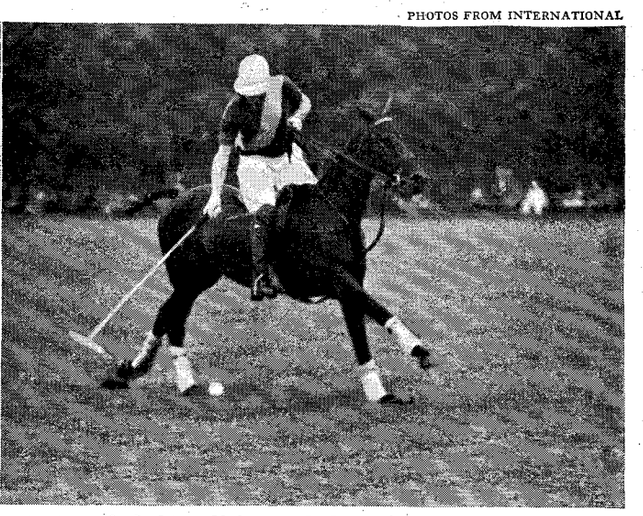


STEPHEN SANFORD, riding No. 1 for the Hurricanes . . .



. . . finds himself free and clear of his opponent . . .

SPORTS

Polo champions

THIS WEEK finds seven teams competing for the National Open Polo Championship at Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, climaxing a season which has demonstrated that polo is fast becoming the most popular sport (to watch) of our upper middle class.

Semi-finals are scheduled for September 15 and 16; and the two surviving teams will fight it out on Sunday, September 19.

Conspicuous among the seven contenders is the San Jose team from Argentina, which last year carried away the international trophy, the Cup of the Americas. Led by the hard-riding Manuel Andrada, Andres Gazzotti, and Luis Duggan, the Argentine players this season present one newcomer—Heriberto Duggan, brother of Luis.

Defending its title is the Greentree team, made up of the veteran Tommy Hitchcock, Gerald Balding of England, John Hay (Jock) Whitney, and the ever-popular G. H. (Pete) Bostwick.

Rated one goal higher than either of these teams (32 goals, as against 31) is the Templeton four: Eric Pedley of California, Humphrey Guinness of England, and the brothers Winston and Raymond Guest of Long Island.

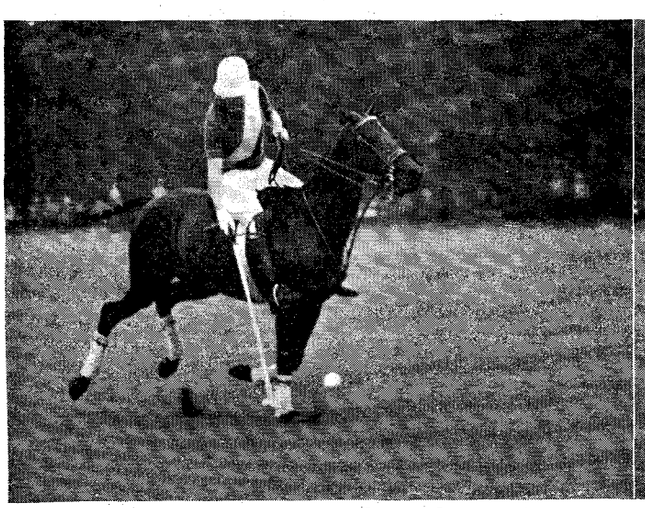
The twenty-eight polo players now riding at Meadow Brook include America's best: Hitchcock and Stewart Iglehart, our only 10-goal men, and Pedley and Cecil Smith of Texas, our only 9-goal men. They include Argentina's best. They include Britain's best, for, in addition to Guinness, the brilliant Captain C.T.I. (Pat) Roark is riding for Aurora.

In the week following the championship series, the same teams meet in the most important handicap event of the year, the Monty Waterbury Memorial.

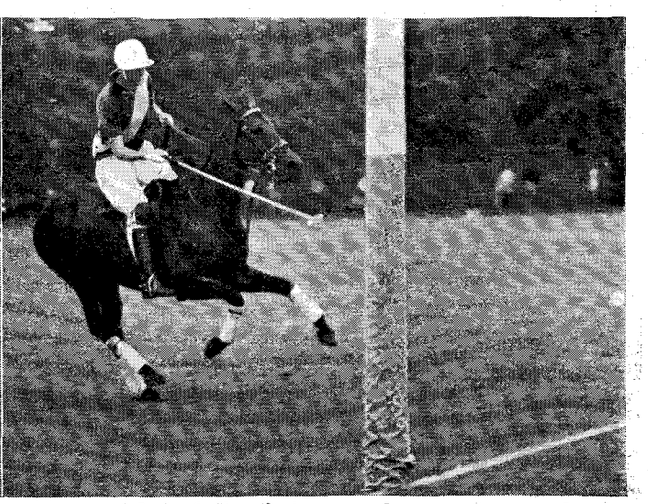
Thus does September fittingly round out a season of outdoor polo that has brought the game to its highest point as a spectacle for sport-loving Americans. Credit for this amazing increase in popular appeal goes largely to diminutive Pete Bostwick, whose earlier fame as the best of gentlemen jockeys (in steeplechase classics) is overshadowed now by a newly discovered ability to attract ten thousand spectators on a Sunday afternoon to a sport formerly reserved for army officers and the idle rich.

Bostwick Field, once a young millionaire's private practice ground, is thrown open to the motoring public (there is no other way to get there) for a 50-cent admission and no parking fee. Middle class rubs elbows with high society here as nowhere else. A lively scoreboard and a well-informed play-by-play narrator so aid the spectator that he quickly learns to forget his surroundings and applauds Tommy, Billy, Jock, Mike, Bobby, and above all Pete, young millionaires all, in quite the same fashion that he used to yell for Babe Ruth.

These are the world's best polo players, but there are hundreds of others throughout the country whose ability is sufficiently a matter of record for them to be rated, or handicapped, by officials of the United States Polo Association.



. . . his mallet, held sideways, has made contact . . .



. . . and the ball sails between the posts for a goal

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BUSINESS

Trade losses through war

As the undeclared war between China and Japan settles down to a protracted imbroglio, its repercussions are felt in the United States, not alone by quivering statesmen, but as well by the 6,000,000 people whose livelihood depends on foreign trade.

Japan sets up a euphemistically styled "peace-time" blockade along China's coast, 2150 miles in all, centering at Shanghai, seizes all Chinese ships, stops and searches ships of other neutral nations. The United States withholds retaliatory action against this violation of international law until President Roosevelt decides whether a state of war exists between the two nations, and, if so, invokes the Neutrality Act.

When and if the Act is enforced, it will be better for Japan than for China. Reason? Simply this: Japan's merchant marine is much larger than China's. Once its troops are firmly encamped on Chinese soil, part of its ships can still be sent abroad to the United States (and other countries) for cash purchases of our products.

Despite the formalities of international etiquette, American importers, exporters, and business with eastern outlets are concerned over the conflict. Even American importers of Oriental toys are pessimistic. This year they will have to purchase their wares in France and Czechoslovakia, at higher prices, because Oriental toys are being converted into war materials.

Steamship companies refuse to transport American merchandise to China lest a misdirected bomb decimate cargo and ship. Chinese exporters can't get their American-bound products through the Japanese blockade. As for Japan, though she will continue to trade with America and other nations, it will be to a limited degree, because she must of necessity concentrate her energies and resources on war supplies. Thus her trade with other countries will dwindle. Finally, American companies, whose investments in China are estimated at a quarter to a half billion dollars, face the unhappy possibility of having their properties annihilated.

The war between Japan and China means a loss, at least for the time being, of the third and fourteenth biggest customers for our products. Exports to Japan during 1936 amounted to $204,312,000; to China, $46,819,000. During the first six months of 1937, exports to these countries increased 78 and 50 per cent respectively, while exports to the entire world rose but 20 per cent. Thus markets for our exportable cotton, tobacco, machinery, gasoline, and iron and steel scrap are temporarily lost, while we may have to do without Japanese and Chinese raw silk, Chinese tung oil, and Japanese crab meat and tea.

But there is a brighter side to the trade picture, Latin America. In recent years Japan has exploited trade possibilities with that group of countries to the extent that comparisons between 1929 and 1936 show that its exports to Latin America increased 270 per cent: from 29,570,000 yen to 110,000,000 yen.

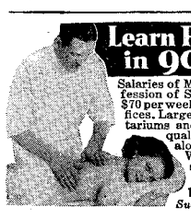
On the other hand, United States exports to Latin America declined 65 per cent between 1929 and 1933: from $972,000,000 to $331,000,000. But, more recently, the picture seems to favor the United States. While Japanese exports to Latin America during the first four months of this year (latest figures available) gained 20 per cent over 1936, United States exports for the first six months gained 65 per cent.

With Japan preoccupied, prospects for trade growth with our southern neighbors are now even brighter.

Good trade but no boom

In a normal recovery cycle, prices rise first while wages lag behind. But not so during our present recovery, according to the National City Bank of New York, the country's third largest bank. In its monthly business letter, it finds: "Notwithstanding the rise of prices, incomes of farmers and wage-earners apparently have more than kept pace, which would seem to indicate continued good buying power on the part of large masses of the population."

Surveying the future, the bank observes: "Business men look forward to a good volume of trade activity in the fall, but are conducting their affairs conservatively and there is little evidence of the boom psychology prevalent at this time a year ago."



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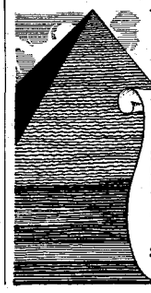

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The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Service De Luxe—A customer approached Lapidus' pushcart and asked the price of herring.

"Today," smiled the merchant, "I'm hevink a spacial on herrinks. Six cents itch."

"Six cents!" protested the customer. "Vhy, donn de stritt is a man who's sellink herrink for a nickel. And it's de same herrink."

"I know, I know," said Lapidus proudly. "Batt I'm wrappink mine in later editions!"—*Mark Hellinger in New York Mirror.*

Dramatic Situation—The critic started to leave in the middle of the second act of the play.

"Don't go now," said the manager. "I promise there's a terrific kick in the next act."

"Fine," was the retort; "give it to the author."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Little Lady—*Mother*: "Marilyn, were you a good little girl at church today?"

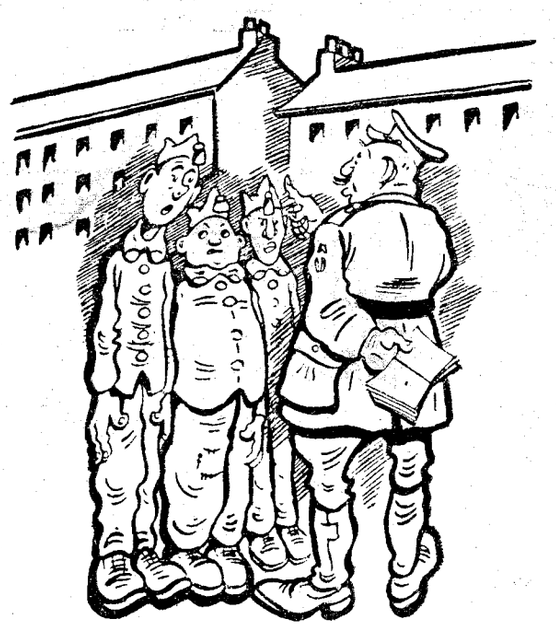
Marilyn: "Yes, mother. A man offered me a big plate of money, and I said, 'No, thank you.' "—*Sudbury Star.*

Not Afraid—*Mistress* (to new maid): "So far as your evening out is concerned, I'm prepared to meet you half way."

Maid: "No need of you to, ma'am—I'm not afraid to come home in the dark."—*Montreal Star.*

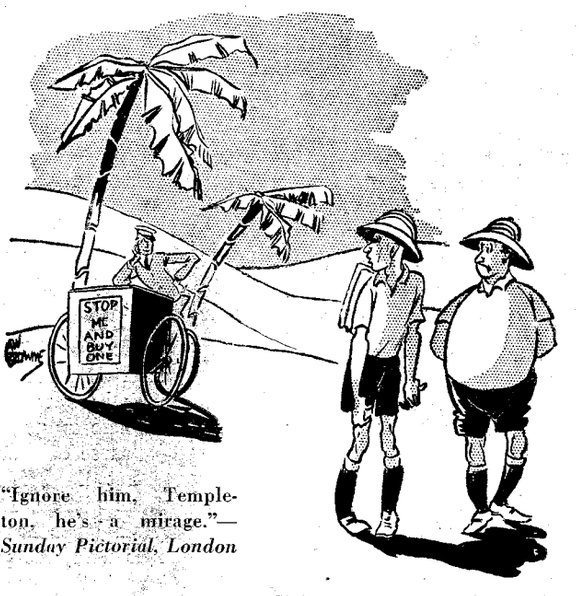
Grain Problem—*Mother:* "After all, he's only a boy and boys will sow their wild oats."

Father: "Yes, but I wouldn't mind if he didn't mix in so much rye."—*Neal O'Hara in New York Post.*



Sergeant: "Why is it important not to lose your head in an attack?"

Recruit: "Because that would leave no place to put the helmet."—*Le Moustique, Charleroi*



"Ignore him, Templeton, he's a mirage."—*Sunday Pictorial, London*

Poser—"You've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

She did not reply.

"I said, you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

"I heard you the first time. I was trying to think."—*Cornell Widow.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Fiorello LaGuardia: "You cannot be a good fellow and be a good mayor."

Anthony Eden: "If the Spanish ulcer continues to fester very much longer it may destroy the peace of the world."

Raymond Clapper: "The Republican party has boiled down to nothing but harmony."

Emil Ludwig: "Dictators do not believe in birth control."

Secretary Wallace: "One third of the farmers of the United States live under conditions which are much worse than the peasantry of Europe."

Walter Damrosch: "It is more important that the child should first learn to love the music of Mozart than to know the years of his birth or death."

Senator Borah: "I would abolish a wage scale below a decent standard of living, just as I would abolish slavery."

Harry Emerson Fosdick: "The sense of beauty, for example, is one way of dealing with reality."

Jim Farley: "No President will fare better at the hands of future historians than Franklin D. Roosevelt."

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—CONTINUED FROM OTHER SIDE

the splendid pageant which has followed the course of the Nile.

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SOME TYPICAL OPINIONS

The Nile stands among the finest of Emil Ludwig's works for its sheer exuberance in descriptive passage, its wise weighing of historical factors, its recreation of famous scenes and its deep human sympathies.
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—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *The New Yorker*

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—HERSCHEL BRICKELL, *N. Y. Evening Post*

What a river! What a life story! Neither the Ganges nor the Yangtse, the Amazon or our Mississippi carries such a flood of story with its water. . . . *The Nile* is, I think, Emil Ludwig's best book.
—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

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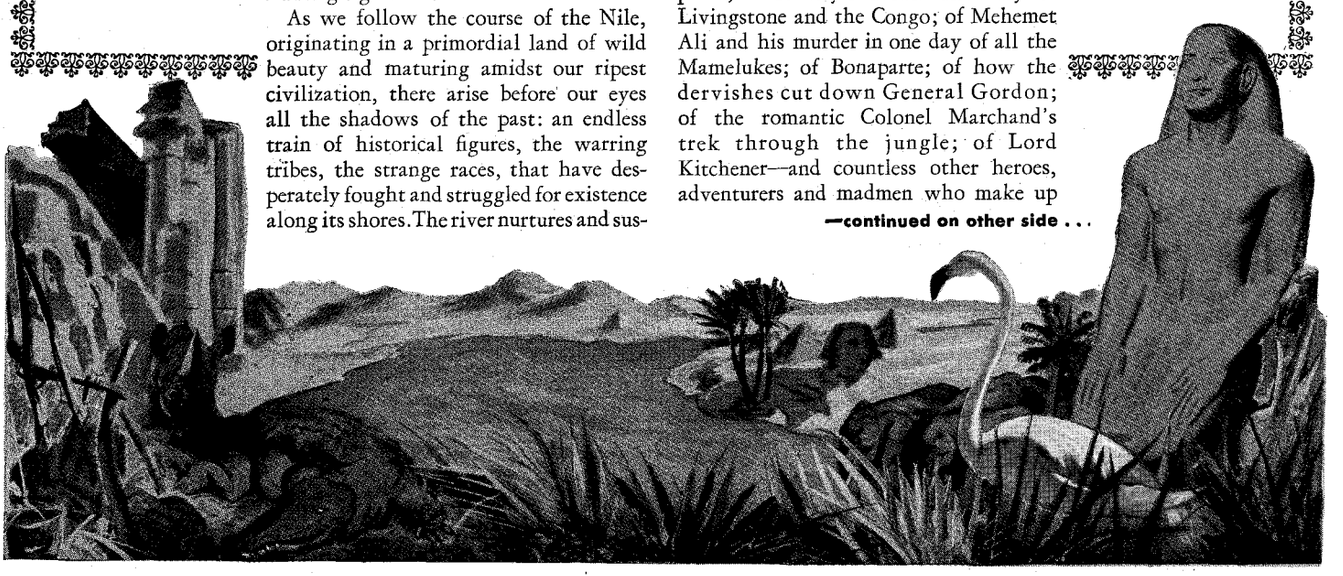
—continued on other side . . .



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